

JUNE 12, 1925

No. 1028

FAME

Price 8 Cents

AND

FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

MART MORTON'S MONEY;

OR, A CORNER IN WALL STREET STOCKS.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



"Miss Trimble, what does this mean?" demanded Mart, sternly, suddenly appearing from behind the screen, with Will following closely at his heels. The young woman uttered a smothered shriek of consternation, and dropped the cash box on the floor.

MAR 10-1927

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued weekly—Subscription price, \$4.00 per year! Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, inc., 164 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 12, 1925

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MART MORTON'S MONEY

OR, A CORNER IN WALL STREET STOCKS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Introduces Mart Morton and Others.

"Money!" exclaimed Mart Morton. "I haven't any, but I mean to have a bunch of it some day and don't you forget it," he added, nodding his curly head emphatically.

When Mart nodded his head that was he always meant business, and the only reason why he had not already accumulated a little fund of the long green was because he had never yet found the chance to make the stake.

"You haven't any money?" said Will Bradley, almost incredulously. "Why, I thought you had a bank account."

"I wish I had. There are times when I've seen chances to make a nice little haul that would have landed me on Easy street if I'd only had the necessary backing. That little word 'if' is a mighty aggravating stumbling block. So many things would happen in this world only for that 'if.' It ought to be stricken from the English language."

"Well, if you haven't any money, you haven't of course. But you wear a mighty prosperous look for a Wall Street pauper."

"I didn't say that I was a pauper. I've always a dollar or two in my clothes. To be a pauper one must be flat broke."

"A dollar or two doesn't cut much ice down here. It is plain that you and I can't go into partnership."

"In what?"

"In a little deal I've got on the books."

"You're thinking of speculating in the market?"

"That's what."

"What are you going to buy?"

"C. & U."

"Why C. & U?"

"Because it's going up."

"How can you tell that it is?"

"A little bird brought me a tip. He told me to keep it quiet."

"The bird did?"

"Yes. It was Broker Ellis Bird, of the Johnstone building."

"Oh, I see," grinned Mart Morton. "He is a bird for fair."

"He's all right. I did him a favor some time ago, and he made it up to me by handing me out this tip."

"And you want me to go in with you on it?"

"That's correct. You're a good friend of mine; why shouldn't I try to put you in the way of a good thing?"

"There's no reason that I know of why you shouldn't. I'd do the same by you."

"Of course you would. Well, I've got fifty plunks saved up. If you had fifty, as I supposed you had, we could get twenty shares of C. & U. between us. When it went up ten or fifteen points we'd close out and divide profits. Now I'll have to go it alone. I can buy five shares through the Nassau Street Bank, and I expect to more than double my money."

"What is C. & U. going at today?"

"It closed yesterday at 50."

"And you've good reason to believe that it will go to 65 or thereabouts?"

Will Bradley nodded, as though there wasn't the least doubt of the fact in his mind.

"I never heard of a leopard changing his spots before," said Mart.

"What do you mean?"

"Merely a picturesque expression of mine which has reference to Broker Bird. You say he gave you the tip on C. & U.? Judging from his reputation, this is a remarkable exhibition of liberality on his part. I never heard that he gave anything away in his life, not even himself."

"You mustn't believe all you hear about people," said Will.

"I don't as a rule, but when the consensus of public opinion——"

"The what?" gasped Will.

"I see you don't grasp my meaning," grinned Mart. "Let me put it this way: The accepted opinion in Wall Street is that Broker Bird never has been known to give something for nothing. The collectors for charity funds are so well acquainted with the fact that they always give his office a wide berth on their rounds. It is also said that he will accept a favor, but as for making any suitable return for the same he is not in it. So if Ellis Bird handed you out a real good thing in acknowledgment for something

you did for him, he must have been suffering at the time from a temporary aberration of the—"

"Oh, come off, Mart. Talk United States."

"Well, then he must have had wheels in his head."

"I don't care what he had in his head; he gave me the tip just the same."

"What evidence have you that the tip is any good?"

"I've only got his word, but that ought to be good enough."

"It ought to be, but is it?"

"What object could Mr. Bird have in misleading me? I'm only a messenger."

"Ask me something easy, Will. If you think the tip is O. K., go ahead and bank on it. Don't let me head you off."

The boys were walking down Wall Street toward their respective offices at the time of the above conversation. It was a bright spring morning and the hour was about nine. They were both messenger boys who had been working in the financial district for a matter of three years. Mart Morton was employed by Alfred Belford, stock broker, whose office was at No. — Wall Street, while Will Bradley ran messages for Broker Dingwall, a few doors below.

Both were bright, active boys who knew their business and attended to it right up to the letter. Mart, however, was ambitious of becoming a broker some day, and with that object before his eyes, had made a close study of Stock Exchange methods as well as his facilities enabled him to do. He kept abreast of Wall Street affairs by reading all the news printed about financial and speculative matters, and there were few persons outside of the regular traders who had a better idea how the "cat was liable to jump" at any time than Mart.

Will Bradley, on the contrary, found market quotations and ticker topics rather dry literature, and devoted his attention to more interesting reading when he read at all.

Neither had done any speculating on their own hook as yet, for lack of money. Mart had to help support a widowed sister with whom he lived up in Harlem, while Will was required to turn the greater part of his weekly stipend into the family treasury. In one way or another, Will had managed to save \$50; and was now looking for a good chance to double it. Mart hadn't saved anything to speak of, though he had made several attempts to do so, but some extra expense always seemed to spring up after he had got \$15 or \$20 soaked away, and the fund had melted away like dew under the morning sun. Will had been thinking of little else during the past twenty-four hours than the tip Broker Bird had given him the previous morning. Under the impression that Mart had \$50 or \$100, he had generously decided to let him in on it. Mart, however, hadn't enough of the ready to take advantage of his friend's offer even if he was disposed to take a shy at the market. That's the way matters stood when the boys met at the Wall Street underground station that morning on their way to business. When Mart learned that Broker Ellis Bird was the authority for his friend's tip, he had some doubts as to its value, for Mr. Bird's reputation in the Street was none

of the sweetest, and he was generally known by the nick-name of "Foxy" Bird.

As he did not have any definite reason for advising his friend against using it, he simply remained neutral in the matter. The two boys having reached the entrance of the office building where Mart was employed, they parted company just as Miss Dixon, Mr. Belford's stenographer, came along.

"Good morning, Miss Dixon," said Mart, politely.

"Good morning, Mart," responded the young lady with a smile.

"Shall I see you as far as the elevator, and afterward to the office?" said the boy, with a chuckle.

"You certainly may," laughed the girl.

A dozen steps took them to the elevator, which let them out on the second floor, and a dozen more carried them to the door of Broker Belford's reception-room.

"Thank you for the pleasure of your company, Miss Dixon, even so short a distance," said Mart, bowing the stenographer toward the gate leading into the counting-room. "Small favors are always received and duly appreciated by yours truly."

"Aren't you polite this morning?" she answered roguishly.

"I hope that is a regular failing of mine and not an exceptional demonstration, Miss Dixon. In my opinion there is nothing too good for the girls, especially such a charming sample as yourself."

"Dear me, what a jollier you are, Mart Morton."

"Jollier, Miss Dixon? I believe there's no such word in the dictionary."

"Not in the Standard, perhaps; but I think it must be in your private lexicon."

"No," replied Mart, shaking his head solemnly. "You are wrong. I never say what I don't mean. I think you are the nicest girl in the Street, and so I exercise the privilege of saying so, not only behind your back, but to your face."

Gertie Dixon accepted the compliment with a pleased look. She was especially gratified to have it come from Mart because she liked the stalwart, good-looking boy a whole lot. They were the best of friends, which circumstance did not specially please Austin Rookwood, the chief clerk and cashier. He was "mashed" on Miss Dixon himself, and though she gave him no encouragement, he had hopes in her direction. He was jealous of Mart in the first place on account of his standing with the pretty girl, and in the second place because the lad enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Belford.

Mart on his part was not particularly attracted to the well-dressed bookkeeper, and so there was always a coolness between them even on a very hot day. Gertie Dixon, after another bewitching smile at Mart, continued on to her post in the counting-room, not noticing the bookkeeper, at his tall desk as he was getting ready for the work of the day, while Morton hung up his hat on its accustomed hook, took his seat on the window, and picked up the morning issue of the Wall Street News to employ his time until his services were wanted.

CHAPTER II.—Mart Morton's Luck.

Half an hour later Mr. Belford rang for Mart.

"Here are two notes for you to deliver," he said, as soon as the boy appeared. "On your way out tell Miss Dixon I want her."

"Yes, sir," replied Mart.

After notifying Gertie that the boss wanted her in his private office, he started for the street.

The second note took him down to the Mills building. As he got into the elevator, Mr. Ellis Bird and another man got in right after him. Mr. Bird was chuckling gleefully over something that amused him, and the gentleman was smiling also.

"I tell you, Meskel, we are the people," said "Foxy" Bird.

"I rather fancy we will be when we've pulled that deal off," said the other in a low tone. "I don't see how you managed to tip off so many without arousing suspicion."

Mart's ears were sharp and he caught the words.

"I handed it out to half the boys in the Street on the quiet. Some of them I knew would talk and give it away. At any rate, fifty brokers are on to it by this time and there will be buying to burn this morning. I know half a dozen who loaded up yesterday afternoon. We'll scoop 'em all in a few days, for the price will go right down among the dead men. Then we'll cover at a large profit. At, it's beautiful—beautiful. It takes me to fool the boys," said Mr. Bird, rubbing his hands in great delight. "They call me 'Foxy' Bird. They think that's funny. What do I care as long as I get the dough while they only get the amusement. I'll wager I'll make 'em laugh the other way before the week is out."

The elevator stopped to let Mart out, and Mr. Bird and his companion got out likewise. They walked briskly down the corridor ahead of the young messenger, and disappeared around a corner.

"Mr. Bird is evidently up to one of his slick little games that earned for him his nickname," thought Mart as he walked after the two men. "So he's been giving tips out to messenger boys right and left about something that is supposed to happen, but won't. I think I can see through a mill-stone when there's a big hole in it. He tipped Will off to a rise in C. & U. Now Mr. Bird says that the price of some stock in which he is interested will soon go down among the dead men, and he'll scoop in a lot of brokers. That stock must be C. & U. As fast as the traders offer to buy he, or somebody representing him, is ready to sell the stock to them. Then in a few days something will happen that'll put it on the slump. As soon as it touches rock bottom, Mr. Bird will buy enough of the shares in to cover his short sales, and he will be able to deliver the stock at a big profit. It will be a fine thing for Mr. Bird if it works out the way he calculates, and I shouldn't be surprised if it did. I must warn Will against burning his fingers in any deal that involves a rise in C. & U. He'd do much better to sell ten shares, and take his chance that way."

Mart delivered his note to a broker on that floor, and there being no answer, he came right

away. As he stood waiting for an elevator one of the cages flashed down. Instead of taking him aboard, it went on to the floor below and stopped there.

"Maybe I can catch it," thought Mart, and he ran down the marble stairway, two steps at a time.

The elevator, however, did not wait for him.

As Mart's shoe struck the last step it alighted on something soft which slid from under his weight, and down went the young messenger in a heap, jarring himself considerably.

"Great Jawbones!" he exclaimed, as he pulled himself together. "I wonder what I stepped on?"

He looked around and saw a long, bulky pocket-book of black leather. He picked it up and looked at it.

"So this is the cause of my nearly getting a broken neck. If this was the first of April I'd think some messenger boy put it there to fool the first person who came by. I'll look and see what's in it. No, I guess I'll defer that till I get back to the office. I'll make a mental note of where I found it for future reference."

There were so many persons coming and going all the time that Mart thought it might not look well for him to be seen examining the inside of a pocketbook. So he dropped it into his outside pocket, caught the next down elevator and was soon on the street walking rapidly toward his office. When he got back to his seat in the reception-room the first thing he did was to get out the black pocketbook and look into it. It was full of papers of all kinds, and in one of the flaps was a \$500 bill.

There was also a lady's five-stone diamond ring, one of the stones of which appeared to be loose. There was no name, or even initials, on the flap to give a clue to the owner.

"His name is probably on some of these papers," said Mart to himself. "I'll look them over. That ring must be worth a thousand dollars, then there's the \$500 bill. That makes \$1,500. It's my duty to try and find out to whom the wallet belongs and then return it. That's only common honesty."

The first paper was a short note in pencil addressed to J. D. and signed A. W.

Mart read the writing, which ran as follows:

"I can put you on to a good thing which I would advise you to avail yourself of before the week is out. Buy M. & B. It's going now at 48, which is low, as the market runs, for the stock. Get 5,000 shares on margin. I can guarantee that it is perfectly safe. You should clear from \$50,000 to \$75,000 in a fortnight.

"Yours, A. W."

"This seems to be a tip, all right," said Mart to himself. "What a chance for me if I only had the money. It raises quite a temptation for me to make use of that \$500 bill. No, I couldn't do that. It wouldn't be right. I've never appropriated anything that didn't belong to me yet, and I don't mean to begin now. When you commit the first crooked act it's sure to lead to a second, and before you know where you are, you've acquired the habit of doing such things whenever the opportunity offers. It's just like

taking a first drink. How often that has been the stepping stone to a drunkard's grave!"

Mart however made a note of the pointer.

"I'll watch M. & B. and see how it comes out. It will amuse me if nothing else. It's too bad, though, that I haven't a hundred dollar bill to try my luck with. Cassie needs some new clothes, and so do the young ones. I'd like to be able to surprise them with the cash to buy them."

Mart looked the papers over one by one and finally came to an envelope addressed to "John Douglas, 150 Broadway."

"That must be the owner of this pocketbook, for the pointer is addressed to the initials J. D. At any rate it's safe to conclude that he is the owner. I'll go over to his office at the first chance that offers."

Just then Austin Rookwood called him to his desk and in a supercilious way handed him a note to carry to Mr. Belford at the Exchange.

"Don't waste any time, please," he said, almost insultingly.

As Mart never wasted time on his errands, the boy easily understood that the chief bookkeeper spoke that way to vent his dislike. Mart made no reply, though he gave Rookwood a look that expressed his sentiments. He put on his hat and hurried to the Exchange. On his way back he met Will Bradley.

"Say, Will, that tip you got from 'Foxy' Bird is no good. It's a boomerang meant to work the other way. If you do anything, sell ten shares, and you will stand a show of making something."

"How do you happen to know all this?" asked the surprised Bradley.

"Never mind that. I haven't time to explain now. I'll tell you after business hours if I meet you. But you can rest assured I'm giving it to you straight. Don't buy C. & U. under any consideration."

With these words he broke away, satisfied now that he had warned his friend against the trap set by Mr. Bird for the traders. The fact that a score of messenger boys might be induced to drop their hard-earned shekels through his instigation didn't worry Broker Bird in the least.

It was part of the game. Mart found no chance to get around to No. 150 Broadway until after he was through for the day. Then he went there and looked on the directory board for Mr. Douglas's name. He found that the gentleman had an office on the tenth floor, so he boarded an elevator and went up. The number of the office was 605. Mart found it without great difficulty and then he saw that John Douglas was a lawyer, and that he took care of estates and loaned money. The door was not locked, so he walked in and found a small red-headed boy seated at a plain desk in the outer room. The boy was reading a law book. He looked up when Mart entered and then resumed his reading again as if there was no such thing as a visitor in the room.

"Is Mr. John Douglas in?" asked Morton.

The boy paid no attention to his question, so Mart went nearer to him and repeated it. Then the boy looked him over in an indifferent sort of way and finally said:

"What do you want with him?"

"That's my business," replied Mart, nettled by the boy's manner.

"All right," answered the boy, resuming his reading.

"Are you going to answer my question?" demanded the young messenger, feeling that it would give him a good deal of satisfaction to kick the red-headed youth. His tone caused the boy to change his tactics.

"Yes, Mr. Douglas is in, but he's engaged," he replied, ungraciously.

"Why couldn't you have said so at first?"

The boy made no reply, but eyed Mart in an unfriendly way.

"How long before he'll be disengaged?"

"Dunno."

At that moment an inner door was opened and two gentlemen came out. One of them had his hat on and Mart judged he was the visitor, provided the hatless gentleman was Mr. Douglas. The gentleman without head covering showed the other to the outer door and after a few words bade him goodby.

"I would like to see Mr. John Douglas," said Mart to the gentleman who remained in the office.

"That's my name," was the reply.

"Can I see you in your private office?"

"Certainly. Who are you from?"

"I am a messenger for Alfred Belford, stock broker, No. — Wall Street. That, however, has nothing to do with my visit."

"Follow me," said Mr. Douglas, leading the way into his private room, which was furnished with a handsome desk, several leather upholstered chairs, some water-color pictures on the walls, and a long bookcase filled with law books. The lawyer took possession of his revolving chair in front of his desk, and pointed at a chair which had just been vacated by his late caller.

"I will hear what you have to say, young man," he said in a pleasant tone.

"Did you lose anything today, Mr. Douglas?" asked Mart.

"I did," replied the lawyer promptly and with a sudden show of interest. "I lost my pocketbook. Did you find it?"

"I found a pocketbook which I have reason to believe is yours. Where did you lose yours?"

"I couldn't say exactly. I may have lost it between here and Broad street, or I may have dropped it in the Mills building."

"What was its appearance, and what did it contain in a general way?"

"It was an oblong, black leather book. It contained a \$500 bill, a lot of papers and a valuable diamond ring belonging to my wife."

"The pocketbook I found is clearly yours, sir. Here it is. Examine it and see that nothing is missing."

Mart laid the wallet on the lawyer's desk.

The lawyer opened the wallet, looked its contents rapidly over and then took out the bill.

"Tell me where you found it, young man."

"I found it in the Mills building at the foot of the stairs leading to the sixth floor on the left-hand side of the elevators."

Mr. Douglas nodded, as if he was not surprised.

"And I got a nasty fall through it," added Mark, with a smile.

"How was that?"

Morton explained the circumstances.

"Well, well," smiled the lawyer: "I think you are entitled to something handsome, not only for your honesty in returning the book intact, but as a salve for the fall you got. So I will present you with the \$500 bill."

Mart looked his surprise.

"I did not expect——" he began.

"Put it in your pocket, young man. By the way, what is your name?"

"Martin Morton."

"Thank you. It is a pleasure to meet with so honest a young man as you have shown yourself to be. That diamond ring, which I brought downtown this morning to have repaired at a jeweler's, is worth \$2,600. So you see that the contents of that pocketbook offered a considerable temptation to the finder. It affords me great satisfaction to give you the bill. In fact, I may say that I offered \$500 reward in an advertisement I sent to the papers, and would not have hesitated to have made it \$1,000 in order to get my property back. I consider myself under an obligation to you for your promptness in returning it without waiting to see what reward would be offered for it. If I can be of any service to you in the future, don't fail to call on me, and I shall not refuse you any reasonable favor."

"Thank you, sir," replied Mart, rising; and thank you for your liberal present, also."

"You are welcome," answered Mr. Douglas. Mart with a bow then left the office.

CHAPTER III.—Mart's First Deal and How It Turned Out.

"Five hundred dollars!" breathed Mart, as he shot downward in the elevator. "Gee! I'm rich! Looks to me as if honesty paid pretty well in hard cash as well as a clear conscience. I've got a stake at last, and I suppose it will be fair enough for me to take advantage of A. W.'s tip to Mr. Douglas. If the stock is still ruling around 48, I'll be able to buy 100 shares. The writer of the note calculates that the stock will advance ten or fifteen points within a fortnight. At that rate I stand to win \$1,000 easily enough. Why, I'll soon be rolling in wealth," he chuckled gleefully. "Well, that's what we're all looking for in this world. Money makes the mare go. At any rate, it's the motor that makes the Stock Exchange hum. Mr. 'Foxy' Bird must have quite a stack of the long green. He's making it all the time, and he never gives any of it away. He's a hummer, all right. He ought to be called 'Humming' Bird."

Mart stepped out of the elevator and was presently walking up Broadway.

"The world looks a whole lot different to a chap when he's got plenty of money in his pocket," he said to himself. "I never owned \$500 before in my life, and now I am the possessor of \$500. It's the unexpected that's always happening. If anybody had told me this morning that I'd go home with a \$500 bill in my clothes,

which belonged to me, I'd have told them they were talking ragtime. Yet such a remarkable thing has actually come to pass. I calculate that bill is the turning point in my financial career. I mean to found my fortune on it. Maybe one of these days I'll become so rich that the newspapers will print a story about Mart Morton's Money, and how he made it. Such matters are always topics of general interest."

Mart having reached the entrance to the John street subway station, descended the stairs and took a train for home.

"Say, Cassie," he said to his sister at the supper table, "how would you like a new dress?"

"I'm making myself one now as fast as I can find time to work on it," she replied.

"Oh, I mean a real good one. Something that would cost you \$20 to \$30 in a department store."

"I should like to have such a dress very much indeed, but I'm afraid there's very little chance of my getting such a one. Twenty dollars is a small fortune to me."

"Well, suppose I present you with such a dress? When is your birthday?"

"You present me with a \$20 dress! Don't talk nonsense."

"I'm not talking nonsense. You didn't know that I was a capitalist on a small scale, did you?"

"I guess it's on a very small scale," laughed his sister.

"How small do you think it is, for instance?"

"About two dollars."

"More than that."

"Well, three, then."

"You'll have to raise the ante a good bit before you come anywhere near the mark."

"Have you as much as five? Because if you have the children need new shoes and I'd like to borrow three dollars."

"Yes, I have as much as five, with two naughts added."

"I don't understand you."

"I thought you went to school once on a time, Cassie."

"Don't be silly. Of course I went to school. What has that to do with what we are talking about?"

"Well, what did five and two naughts stand for when you went to school?"

"Five hundred, of course."

"Correct. Now you know how much I'm worth."

"Martin, will you please talk sense?"

"That's what I'm doing. Don't you believe I'm worth \$500?"

"Of course I don't believe any such ridiculous nonsense."

"I see you require an object lesson. Here is the object. Gaze on it and weep—for joy."

Mart pulled out his \$500 bill and showed it to her. She snatched it away and looked at it.

"It's a counterfeit," she said.

"Is it? I'd like to own a few thousand counterfeits just like it. No, Cassie, that's the real thing. A genuine \$500 bill."

"My gracious! Where did you get it? You didn't find it in the street, did you?"

"No, but it was just the same as finding money, the way I got that bill."

"It can't belong to you," she said, returning it to him.

"It doesn't belong to anybody else. Listen and I'll tell you how it came to me."

Then he told her how he had found the pocket-book in the Mills building, with that bill and a \$2,600 diamond ring in it; how he had returned the property to its owner, and how his honesty had been rewarded by the bill itself. His sister was astonished and delighted.

"The children can have some new things now," she said. "And I need a few things myself. You're going to let me spend some of it and keep the rest in the savings bank, aren't you?"

"No, Cassie; I'm going to use it to make more money with. That's what I call my grub stake."

"But you can spare me a few dollars. I really must have them."

"Sure. I can do that. And there'll be more coming your way later on."

"How do you expect to make money with it?"

"I'm afraid you wouldn't understand if I told you. I'm going to use it in Wall Street."

"You're not going to speculate?" she asked apprehensively.

"Don't you worry about what I'm going to do with it. Let me do that. Take all that's handed to you and say nothing. I'll bring you home a few dollars tomorrow afternoon, so that you can get the shoes and other things. Now I'm going over to the library to get a book."

He rose from his chair, put on his hat and left the house. Next morning, while riding downtown, he went over the daily market report, as was his custom, and saw that there had been about 20,000 shares of M. & B. sold the day preceeding, and that the average price of the stock still remained at 48.

"The chance is mine yet to get in on the ground floor with the people behind the deal, and I'm going to do it as soon as I can," he said to himself.

When he was sent over to the Exchange that morning at eleven he took enough time to run around to the little bank on Nassau street and put in his order to buy 100 shares of M. & B. on the usual margin.

It cost him \$480.

With \$20 left out of his big bill in his clothes, which he intended to turn over to his sister, he left the bank and returned to the office. He met Will Bradley for a moment at the door of the office building.

"Say, you told me that C. & U. was going down, and here it's up a whole point since yesterday," Will said in an aggrieved tone. "I took your advice and sold ten shares when I had already made up my mind to buy the stock on the strength of Mr. Bird's tip. I'm ten dollars out so far, and I stand to lose the whole fifty I put up on margin if the stock goes up three points more."

"Go saw wood and say nothing," replied Mart. "If you lose your money I'll see that you get it back again."

"How will you?"

"Don't ask questions. It is quite possible that you may be wiped out before the slump comes, but still I think you won't be. Mark my words, old man, C. & U. will be giving a good imitation of 'Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall' in a few days."

"With those words he rushed for an elevator, and was soon in his office awaiting further orders. He didn't have to wait long, for there was plenty for him to do, and before long he was chasing around on Broad street with a message to some broker. In fact, he was kept dancing around the streets, between his own office and others, the greater part of the time until half-past three. He found no chance to look at the ticker to see if anything was doing in M. & B. until it was nearly time for him to knock off; then he found that the stock had gone up half a point, which was a matter of congratulation. He also saw that C. & U. had gone up nearly another point.

"I'll bet Will is shaking in his shoes, and is mad enough to kick me, but he'll soon see that I was right about the slump, unless a screw works loose in 'Foxy' Bird's plans."

Next day after C. & U. had gone up nearly a point more it turned about and fell back to 50, much to Will's satisfaction, who had about given his \$50 up as good as lost. M. & B. went to 49½. Mart regarded the figures on the tape with a great deal of pleasure.

"I'm a hundred dollars ahead so far," he said. "If it will only go to 60 I'll be right in it to the tune of over \$1,000. That will give me a capital of \$1,500, and put Cassie and the children on Easy Street."

Then he put on his hat and left the office.

Will was waiting for him at the entrance downstairs, with a smile that won't come off on his features.

"You're right about C. & U., Mart," he said. "After going up nearly three points and putting me on the verge of an attack of heart failure, it's gone back to 50 again to-day, and I breathe once more."

"That's nothing more than I expected," coolly replied Morton.

"Well, tell me how you found out that my tip was a rank fake," said Will eagerly.

Mart explained how he had met Ellie Bird and another man in the Mills building elevator, and had overheard the few remarks that the broker had made to his companion about a certain stock he was manipulating, and which the young messenger had decided must be C. & U.

"I guess I've had a lucky escape," said Will.

"That's my opinion. I warned you as soon as I saw you."

"Thanks, old fellow. You did me a good turn and I shan't forget it. So 'Foxy' Bird is working a squeeze game on the traders?"

"Looks that way. And it isn't the first one of the kind he's been guilty of."

"I don't wonder the brokers call him 'Foxy.' There'll be weeping and gnashing of teeth in a good many offices when Mr. Bird's game comes out. It's a wonder the traders don't get together and try to get back at him."

"Perhaps they have and it hasn't worked."

"They ought to keep on trying until they succeed. I'll bet after this if 'Foxy' Bird is ever caught and driven to the wall the brokers will declare a holiday in honor of the event."

"I'm thinking they'll have to get up pretty early in the morning to catch Ellie Bird napping. He's on the watch for jobs every minute of the day, you may take your oath. If he wasn't he'd have

been singed long ago. The broker that gets the bulge on him in a deal will be entitled to a gold medal."

Next day the two boys eagerly watched the course of their respective stocks.

C. & U. dropped to 47, while M. & B. went up to 50 1-8. Will, however, was not aware that Mart was interested in any stock, and Mart did not enlighten him on the subject. No one outside of Mr. Douglass the lawyer, who lost the pocketbook, and Morton's sister, was aware of the incident which had put \$500 into Mart's pocket. The young messenger believed in keeping his business to himself, which is a sensible plan to follow. Three days later, when C. & U. was down to 42, and Ellie Bird was buying in to cover his short sales, at the expense of the people who had been fooled into paying over 50 for the stock, M. & B. took on a sudden boom and went to 57. The retrograde movement of C. & U. was immediately forgotten in the excitement now surrounding the other stock. Mart was naturally feeling like a bird, but he did not forget to keep his friend Bradley's deal in mind, and when he met Will asked him if he had closed out his speculation.

"No yet," replied Will. "I'm waiting for the shares to go lower."

"If I were you I'd buy in those ten shares now and deliver them. You will make \$75 as things stand."

"But I want to make \$100."

"Be satisfied with \$75 or you may regret it."

"Have you heard anything about C. & U. since?" asked Will, anxiously.

"No."

"Then why do you advise me to close out my deal?"

"Because in my judgment you'd better do so. I know I should if I was in your shoes; but of course you can do as you please about it."

"I'll think about it," said Will. "I wish I was in on M. & B. It's gone up nearly ten points in about a week."

Mart nodded, but did not seem to be interested in the matter.

"The brokers were all crazy over it this afternoon," went on Bradley.

"I'll bet it will be higher to-morrow," continued Will.

Mart believed and hoped that it would, and mentally concluded that he'd sell out as soon as it reached 60 or thereabouts. Will talked about M. & B. until they reached the subway station, and then branched on to some other topic. At noon next day M. & B. was going at 62. It was two o'clock before Mart got a chance to go to the bank and order his shares sold.

By that time the price had gone to 65 3-8, which was the figure he got. On figuring up his profit he found he had made \$1,700, which was much more than he had expected to make out of the deal, and he was correspondingly delighted.

"I'm worth over \$2,000," he chuckled, as he left for home that afternoon. "Perhaps Cassie won't be pleased to death when I hand her a roll of bills in a day or so."

ten shares of C. & U. at about 42 and closed his deal at a profit of \$80, for in a day or two the stock began to rise again. Mart had figured on this rise. He believed it would go back to somewhere around 50; therefore, he immediately left an order to buy 500 shares of C. & U. at 42, and directed the bank to sell the stock if it went to 49, without waiting to hear from him. This is what is called a stop order. He also suggested to Will that he buy as many shares of the stock as he could put up the margin for and leave an order to sell at 49. Will, who now had all the confidence in the world in Mart's judgment, did so. He bought 30 shares. Inside of three days the stock reached the indicated figure, and the boys' holdings were disposed off by the bank's representative on the floor and a statement was duly forwarded to Mart and Will. Mart made a profit of \$3,350 by his shrewdness and Will made \$200.

Bradley wanted to present his friend with \$50 in acknowledgment of the obligation he felt to him in helping raise his capital of \$50 to \$250, but Morton laughingly refused to accept the money, since he himself was now worth \$5,500.

"Well, Cassie," said Mart that evening, "you haven't asked me lately whether I had doubled that \$480 or lost it. Aren't you interested?"

"Of course I'm interested, Mart," replied his sister; "but as you gave me \$30 the other day to buy some clothes, in addition to the \$20 three weeks ago, I had an idea that you were making money over and above your wages."

"Your idea was quite correct. I've been interested in two Wall Street deals since I received that \$500 bill, and both have been very successful. How much do you think I'm worth at this moment?"

"I couldn't guess, Mart."

"Five thousand, five hundred dollars."

"Mart Morton, you don't mean it?" she exclaimed, incredulously.

"I do mean it, Cassie, and I'll be able to prove it tomorrow when I get my check from the bank."

"Why, how could you have made so much money in so short a time?"

"Just the same way as some of the big brokers make a million in a few hours—by being on the right side of the market."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Use it to make more the same way. However, I'm going to let you have \$500 to put in the bank for yourself and the children, so that if I should run against a snag and lose my money, you'll have something to fall back on."

"You're a dear good brother, Mart," said his sister, giving him a hug.

"Thanks," laughed Mart; "that's worth \$500 any day."

Next day word was received at the office by 'phone that Mr. Belford had been suddenly taken ill, and probably wouldn't be at the office for the rest of the week. His absence made Austin Rookwood temporarily boss of the ranch, and he lost no time in showing his authority. The first thing he did was to go into the private room and run over the morning's mail. Then he rang for Mart. The boy happened to be in the washroom at the moment and did not answer the summons immediately. Rookwood

CHAPTER IV.—A Daylight Robbery.

It was fortunate for Will Bradley that, after due deliberation, he took Mart's advice, bought

came to the door and looked into the reception-room where Mart was supposed to be, and not finding him at his post, he entered the counting-room to look for him, expecting to find him talking to the stenographer, in which event he meant to give him a good calling down. However, Mart was not talking to Miss Dixon, so Rookwood lost a chance he would liked to have had to say a few disagreeable things to the messenger. What he wanted Mart for was to send him out to tell the stenographer he wanted her to take some dictation.

"Where is Morton?" growled Rookwood to the assistant bookkeeper.

"He went into the washroom a moment ago," was the reply.

"Humph!" muttered the cashier. "Miss Dixon," he said, turning to the stenographer, "will you bring your note-book into the office, please?"

"Certainly," she replied.

He turned and went back to the private room, where he was presently joined by Gertie.

"The new boss was looking for you, Mart," said the assistant bookkeeper, when Morton made his appearance.

"What did he want?"

"He didn't tell me what he wanted, but he looked mad. Better mind your P's and Q's or he'll fire you," grinned the young man.

"I think I see him trying to do it," laughed Mart, passing on.

If it had been Mr. Belford who had rung for him he would have entered the private room on his return and showed himself, but as it was only the cashier, he didn't bother doing so.

"If he wants me very bad he'll ring again," muttered Mart, as he took his seat, and began to consult the market reports.

After a little while Gertie came out with her note-book in her hand.

"How do you like our new boss?" Mart asked her.

She made a little face and walked on into the counting-room.

Buzz—buzz—buzz!

That was the young messenger's call. He got up and walked into the inner office.

"I rang for you fifteen minutes ago, Morton. Why didn't you answer?" asked the cashier, sharply.

"Didn't hear you. I was in the washroom."

"Well, see that you hear me after this. Take this note to Mr. Black, of Saunders, Black & Co., Vanderpool building, and step lively."

Mart took the envelope and walked out of the office.

"Rookwood seems to think he's the whole establishment now that Mr. Belford is away," he said to himself. "I shouldn't care to have him for a boss. I guess I wouldn't last, anyway."

He took the elevator down, crossed over to Broad and was soon walking up Exchange place.

He delivered his message and as there was no answer he started back at once. He noticed a dapper-looking young fellow standing in front of one of the offices. Before he reached him a well-dressed lady came out of the office and turned up the street. The dapper young fellow immediately fell in behind her. In that order both passed Mart. The circumstance did not attract his attention. A moment later he heard a scream.

Turning quickly he saw the dapper man pull the lady's reticule out of her hand and fly around the corner into New street. The woman screamed again and collapsed on the sidewalk.

"What a nervy hold-up!" breathed Mart. "Well, he won't get away with that bag if I can help it."

The young messenger immediately started on a dead run after the thief, who was going toward Beaver street.

CHAPTER V.—On the Trail of a Crook.

Mart could run some when he got going, and began to overhaul the sprucely-attired crook. The rascal saw him approaching and crossing the narrow street, darted into a building which had another entrance on Broadway. He was evidently well acquainted with the plan of the buildings in that neighborhood. As there always was a big throng on Broadway at that hour, the thief's object was to reach and lose himself in the multitude and thus baffle his young pursuer. Having a good lead on Mart he succeeded in doing this, and when Morton reached Broadway he could not tell in which direction the thief had gone. The crook calculated that the boy would give up the chase as soon as he found himself at fault. But he didn't know the bulldog tenacity of Mart Morton.

"He must have gone up the street," breathed Mart, as he stood undecided on the edge of the curb, glancing rapidly in both directions. "There are more people up the street than down, and he'd get out of sight easier that way. I'll take an up car, and see if I can pick him out in the crowd as I'm carried along."

A car came along at the moment and Mart boarded it, going inside and taking his seat so he could look out from a window. He had a good idea of the man's appearance and was sure he'd know him again. Mart kept a watchful eye on the crowd as the car bowled along in the direction of the postoffice, but he failed to catch sight of the gentlemanly looking crook. When the car reached Fulton street, Mart concluded he had gone far enough.

"I'll walk back. Maybe I'll meet him."

He was crossing Maiden Lane when he saw the rascal coming toward him with the lady's bag in his hand.

"Perhaps I'd better not tackle him here, but follow him till I sight a policeman," figured the young messenger.

So he let the crook pass and fell in a few yards behind him. There was an officer standing at the corner of Ann street in front of the cigar store.

"Now I've got him dead," thought Mart.

But he counted his chickens too quick. The crook had sighted the policeman as soon as he did, and having an aversion to the force on general principles, probably because his photograph was in the Rogues' Gallery up in Mulberry street, he turned to cross to the other side of Broadway. This move disconcerted the boy for a moment. Then realizing that action was necessary at this stage of the game, he sprang forward, seized the rascal by the arm and yelled:

"Thief! Thief!"

The crook was startled and came to a stop. But only for a moment. Chaps of his calling are on the alert all the time for the unexpected, and are more or less prepared to cope with any situation, for their safety often depends on their ability to think and act quickly in an emergency.

The crook recognized his pursuer in a moment. "So it's you, is it?" he hissed.

Jerking his arm out of Mart's grasp, he swung the bag around and floored the boy with a heavy blow. Then he plunged across the way and dashed down Vesey street. Mart was on his feet in a moment and after him at full speed. The policeman did not seem to comprehend the situation and made no effort to follow. The rascal flew along beside the iron railing which encloses St. Paul's churchyard, with his pursuer a hundred yards behind.

"Stop thief!" shouted Mart lustily, for there were a good many people coming toward them.

Nobody however tried to cut off the thief, though many turned around and looked at the two runners. The rascal turned down Church street under the elevated structure, and the narrow thoroughfare being almost clear of pedestrians, he redoubled his speed. Mart, however, followed hot on his trail. Reaching Fulton street, the crook ran around the corner into Greenwich street, which was but a few steps away, owing to the pointed shape of the block at that place. Running a few steps back toward Vesey, he sprang into the doorway of a building and hurried up the stairs.

When Mart reached the corner of Greenwich his quarry had disappeared. After satisfying himself that his man was not on either side of the street, he knew he must have gone into one of the buildings. The important question was which one had he gone into? It was impossible for him to tell, and he bit his lips with chargin. At that moment he saw a small Italian boot-black squatting at the foot of one of the iron pillars supporting the elevated railway.

"Did you see a young man with a handbag running around this corner just now?" he asked the boy.

The lad nodded.

"Where did he go?"

"In at dat doorway," replied the boy, pointing.

"All right," said Mart. "If you'll find a cop I'll give you a nickel."

"What do you want him for?"

"To catch that man. He's a thief."

"Gimme the nickel," said the boy, getting up and swinging his apparatus over his shoulder.

"Here it is," said Mart. "Bring him here and send him up that stairway. I'm going up now, and may catch the fellow somewhere in the building."

The boy ran off toward the river while Mart started up the stairway. On reaching the first landing he stopped and made a survey of the corridor, which was not very light.

There were a number of doors opening on to it, and all had signs of different kinds of businesses on them. Mart opened each door one by one and looked inside, thinking that the thief might have sought refuge in one of the offices. As there was no sign of him the boy went up to the third floor, the corridor of which was almost identical with the second floor, only gloom-

ier. An examination of all the offices revealed no trace of the rascal, so Mart went on up to the top floor. The entire loft was occupied by a paper box factory, and the young messenger was at his wit's end.

"That kid must have sent me on a fool's errand," he thought, inwardly blessing the boot-black. He opened the door of the box factory and looked in. There was a girl sitting at a desk close by and she looked at him inquiringly.

"I suppose you didn't see a young man, carrying a handbag go up this way?" Mart asked, more as an excuse for intruding than because he expected any result from it.

"Do you mean the man who came up a few minutes ago to look at the roof?" she replied.

"Did he have a checked suit and a brown derby?" asked Mart, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Did I understand you to say that he went on the roof?"

"He did."

"How do you reach the roof?"

"There's a ladder at the other end of the room."

"I suppose you have no objection to my going up?"

"None whatever."

"If a policeman should make any inquiries about the man with the handbag, send him up on the roof."

"Very well," answered the girl.

Mart then passed through the workroom, where some thirty girls and several men and boys were at work. He located the ladder, mounted it, pushed open the trap and stepped out on the roof. As he looked around he saw not ten feet away the man he was after. The rascal was seated on the firewall between that building and the next, nonchalantly examining the contents of the handbag he had stolen. He had a wad of bills in his hand as big as his fist almost. His sharp eyes observed Mart's appearance on the scene, which seemed to be quite unexpected to him, and he sprang up with an imprecation, dropping the handbag, and thrusting the roll of bills into one of his pockets. He took care to keep the firewall between himself and his pursuer.

"What are you followin' me for?" he gritted, with a venomous look at Mart.

"You ought to know," replied the young messenger coolly.

"Well, I don't know," replied the fellow, with a wicked laugh.

"You'll talk differently when I get hold of you," said Mart, resolutely, for though only a boy he was confident he could handle the crook, unless the fellow had a weapon, and he hadn't shown any so far.

"You haven't got hold of me yet," returned the rascal, defiantly.

"I'll have you in a few minutes."

"Don't be too sure of that."

"You can't get off these roofs."

"Sure of that, are you?" replied the crook, sarcastically.

"I don't mean that you shall. Before you could try to open one of the scuttles up here I'd be down on you like a thousand of brick."

"You tell it well, young feller. You don't know who you're dealin' with."

"I know you're a thief, and that's enough for me."

"It's a pity you're not a detective," sneeringly.

"Don't talk foolish. You're cornered, so you might as well give up."

"Well, why don't you come and take me?"

Mart, thinking that he'd better take the bull by the horns first as last, sprang forward, intending to vault the firewall and tackle the rascal. The crook made no effort to get away, but raised his right hand quickly. A ray of sunlight flashed from a polished barrel of steel, and Mart found himself looking into the tube of a six-shooter.

CHAPTER VI.—Mart's Clever Capture.

"What are you stoppin' for?" chuckled the crook. "I thought you were comin' over on this side of the wall."

Mart made no reply to the young man's sarcastic remark. He was placed at so complete a disadvantage that he didn't know what to do.

"Throw up your hands or I'll shoot you full of holes," grinned the rascal.

"I don't believe you will," replied Mart, coolly, who was thinking pretty rapidly.

"Why won't I?" asked the fellow, sharply.

"Because the report of your revolver would call attention to you, and that wouldn't be to your advantage."

"You're a clever boy, aren't you?" said the crook, sneeringly. "Say, why have you butted into this matter? It isn't your funeral, and you're liable to get hurt."

"I saw you steal the lady's handbag, and I have simply tried to catch you and hand you over to the police."

"Very kind of you, my nippin; but the cops are paid to do that. You won't gain anything by buttin' in. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. You've taken a lot of useless trouble to chase me, and now you're up against a snag. You can't go any further. To save me the trouble of hurtin' you, as I s'pose I'll have to do if you won't listen to reason, I'll give you a hundred plunks if you'll stand in with me and let me skip. You can report that you chased me to this buildin' and then lost sight of me. You'll save your skin and be \$100 to the good. How does that strike you?" asked the rascal in an eager tone.

"It doesn't strike me at all."

"What are you goin' to do about it, then?" snarled the man.

"Just stand there half a minute more and I'll tell you."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll find out presently," said Mart, with a confident smile.

The thief evidently didn't like his attitude.

"I've a great mind to put a ball into you and take my chances," he snapped.

"You're too late. There's a cop behind you now."

He turned around with a start, dropping the muzzle of his revolver. As he did so, Mart jumped forward, seized a loose brick from the top of the wall, and just as the crook discovered that

he had been fooled and turned again to the boy, the young messenger hurled the brick at his head. The thief saw the missile coming and instinctively threw up the arm that held the gun to protect himself. He saved his cranium, but the blow hurt his hand so badly that he dropped the revolver. Before he could make another move, Mart vaulted the firewall, snatched up the revolver and had the rascal at his mercy.

"Now," said the boy, "throw up your hands. I've got you dead to rights."

The crook made a few remarks that wouldn't look well in print, but it didn't help his case any.

"Back up against that chimney," said Mart, "or I may put a ball into your arm or leg."

The rascal refused to budge, so Mart, who wanted to attract attention to the roof, discharged the revolver, and sent a bullet so close to the fellow's head that he jumped away in terror of his life.

"Up against that chimney or I'll let you have another," said the young messenger in a determined tone.

The crook obeyed very grudgingly.

"I'll get square with you for this, young feller," he gritted.

"All right," we'll see if you will. At any rate you'll go to jail first."

Persons employed in the various buildings in that block came to the rear windows, attracted by the report of the revolver, and many of them saw Morton pointing the gun at the thief, who was now standing against the broad chimney.

Messengers were in several instances sent for a policeman. Mart raised his revolver and fired a second shot in the air. The thief began to get desperate. He saw that the game was up with him and he looked around for some avenue to make a break.

"Don't you move or I'll shoot you down," said Mart, who was watching him like a cat does a mouse. "The law is on my side."

"I'll kill you if ever I get hold of you!" hissed the crook.

At this moment the trap up which they had both come from the box factory was thrown open and a policeman appeared.

"Here, what does this mean?" he asked, looking at Mart.

The boy explained matters in a few words.

"Well, I'll take both of you to the station, and you can tell your story to the sergeant. Get up."

"Look out that he doesn't try to give you the slip," warned Mart.

"I'll see that neither of you do that," replied the officer, pointedly. "Hand me that revolver."

Mart picked it up and turned it over to him.

The officer had a secure grip on the crook's collar, and he told the boy to walk ahead. In that order they proceeded back to the open scuttle of the box factory.

"Here, hold on, where are you going?" asked the officer as Morton walked toward the firewall.

"I want to get the lady's handbag that this chap stole. It's evidence."

"Never mind, one of these men will hunt for it."

He spoke to a workman, who looked on the next roof, saw the bag and got it. On the way to the Church street station they were accompanied by an increasing crowd of idlers and curi-

ously-disposed individuals. At the desk Mart told his story in a frank, straightforward manner that carried conviction with it. The bag was produced as evidence.

"He's got a big roll of money in one of his pockets," said Mart.

This came to light when he was searched. It was counted and a note made of the amount. Mart gave his name and stated that he was messenger for Alfred Belford of Wall Street.

The crook refused to say anything. The sergeant telephoned Headquarters to find out if a report had been received of the robbery of a lady at Exchange place an hour or so since.

An affirmative reply was received. The officer replied that he believed he had the thief in custody. The rascal was then locked up and Mart was permitted to go, with instructions to appear at the Tombs Police Court at two that afternoon.

CHAPTER VII.—The Tip That Mart Got Through Broker Bird.

When Mart walked into the reception-room of his office he expected to hear from Austin Rookwood in a manner that wouldn't be pleasant, for staying away so long without permission. As he believed he had a good excuse he was not very much worried at what the cashier might have to say.

Rookwood was boiling mad over Mart's absence. He had been obliged to send the junior clerk out with several important messages, and he was prepared to handle Mart without gloves when he appeared. Everybody in the office knew that the boy was up against it, and wondered what was detaining him. Gertie was exceedingly anxious, for she thought some accident might have happened to the young messenger. She knew he wouldn't stay away without good cause. That wasn't his way of doing business. Rookwood wasn't so reasonable in his deductions. He believed that Mart was taking advantage of the absence of Mr. Belford, and he intended to show the boy up in as bad a light as he could when the broker came downtown. Mart walked into the counting-room to report. As soon as the cashier saw him he opened up on him.

"Where in thunder have you been loafing all this time?" he roared, furiously.

"Will you let me explain?" asked Mart, calmly.

"Do you know that you've been out nearly two hours on that message to Exchange Place?" snorted Rookwood.

"I know I've been away some time."

"I say you've been out two hours. Where have you been? Mr. Belford shall be told about your conduct, and if you aren't tired you'll be lucky."

Mart told him about the theft of the lady's handbag in Exchange Place, and how he had given chase to the crook, expecting to overtake him before he had gone very far.

"Very brave of you," sneered Rookwood; "but what business had you to butt in?"

"Don't you think I did the right thing?" asked Mart, in some surprise.

"It's the business of the police to attend to such matters," replied the bookkeeper, non-committally.

"There wasn't a policeman in sight when the robbery was committed. Only for me the thief would have gotten clear off."

"Humph! I suppose our business has got to suffer because the police are not on hand to attend to theirs," said Rookwood. "I had to send Edwards out with several messages because you were not here to deliver them."

"Well, I'm here now."

"I see you are."

"I've got to appear at the Tombs Police Court at two o'clock to give my evidence against the crook, so you'll have to excuse me for an hour probably at that time."

"This is an outrage!" cried Rookwood, violently. "Hadn't you better take the whole day off and be done with it?" he added, sarcastically.

"Well, don't kick with me," replied Mart. "Ring up the Church street station and have it out with the sergeant. It isn't my fault I've got to go to court."

"It is your fault for mixing yourself up in this matter," replied the cashier, angrily.

"Have you got anything more to say, sir?"

"Don't be impertinent. Mr. Belford will settle with you later. Go to your seat outside."

In a few minutes Rookwood found it necessary to send him on an errand, and took occasion to advise him not to stay all day.

Mart hurried away. His errand took him to the Johnston building, not very far away on Wall Street. Broker Ellis Bird was in the same elevator going up. So was a broker's messenger munching an apple. Mr. Bird got out first, Mart followed and the other boy was at his heels.

"I'd like to break that lobster's head," said the other messenger to Mart as they went down the corridor together after "Foxy" Bird.

"Why?" asked Morton.

"'Cause he gave a losin' tip on a stock a month ago. I passed the tip on to my boss, he coppered it for several thousand plunks, and got it in the neck. I nearly got fired when I expected to make a stake. Dern-you, take that!"

As Mr. Bird opened the door of his office to enter, the boy threw the remainder of the apple at his head. The missile caught Mr. Bird squarely in the eye. The boy disappeared into a broker's office, leaving Mart in the corridor.

"Foxy" Bird turned around in a rage as soon as he could see and rushed at Morton, supposing him to be the aggressor.

"I'll have you arrested, you young villain!" he roared, grabbing Mart by the arm.

"What's the matter with you?" replied Mart.

"You hit me in the eye with half an apple, you rascal."

"Did you see me do it?" asked the boy, coolly.

"No, but I know it was you who did it. You're the only one in the corridor, and I know you messengers have been annoying me lately."

"You're off your perch. I don't play such kid tricks as that. There was another boy, who was eating an apple, got off the elevator at the same time we did."

"Where did he go?" asked Broker Bird, suddenly remembering that he had seen a boy in the cage eating fruit.

"I give it up," replied Mart, who didn't intend to put the broker on the other lad's trail.

"Did he go into one of these offices?"

"It is possible he did." ...
 "Don't you know which one he went into after throwing the apple at me?"

"I didn't keep tab on what he did."

"I believe you're trying to shield him. If you are you're as bad as he is."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bird, it's none of my business, and I'm in a hurry."

Mart hurried away as the broker opened the door of the office next to the one the boy had entered. There was an uproar in the corridor when Mart came back after delivering his message. Mr. Bird had hold of the guilty youth by the ear and was cuffing him in a way that did not afford the recipient much enjoyment. The lad was resenting the blows by applying the toes of his shoes to such parts of the broker's limbs as were within reach. The doors of half the offices in the vicinity were open and the space filled by curious clerks attracted by the disturbance.

As Mart came up the boy, by a dexterous move, succeeded in upsetting the broker. A pocketbook fell out of Mr. Bird's pocket. The boy gave it a kick that sent it spinning behind Mart, and then took to his heels. Mart turned around and chased the wallet. It struck the baseboard, opened and dumped several papers out. A puff of air at the same moment scattered the papers over the corridor. Mart started in to pick them up, and got all but one, which he overlooked.

He then returned the book to Mr. Bird, who had got on his feet. The paper which Mart missed had in the meanwhile been blown near the elevator, and the boy saw it when he pushed the button. He did not connect it with Mr. Bird's pocketbook, but picked it up because he wanted something on which to make a rude sketch of the recent scrimmage to show his friend Will.

Mart had some talent as an amateur artist, and often produced pictures that told their story better than words. The elevator came along before he made a mark, and he took it. When he returned to the office he took the paper from his pocket and drew the rough sketch he had in mind. Noticing that the paper was folded, he opened it, and saw writing inside. He read the following:

"Ellis B.—Crosby is buying D. & G. right and left. I know this to be a fact. A syndicate is evidently behind him, and I think it is up to you and me to get in on the ground-floor with the knowing ones. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. I've already arranged for 10,000. Get thee busy. "Parker G."

Mart whistled after he had read it.

"A tip as sure as you live. Must have dropped out of 'Foxy's' pocket when he stepped out of the elevator. I wonder what D. & G. is going at?"

Consulting the tape he saw that it had been largely dealt in that morning, and that the price had gone to 72½.

"I guess I've got on to a good thing," he said. "Luck is running my way today."

His reflections were broken in upon by the cashier, who called him to his desk to take a message to Broker Black at the Exchange.

Mart knew Broker Crosby, the one mentioned in the note, by sight. While waiting at the rail in the Exchange for Mr. Black to come up, he saw Mr. Crosby at the D. & G. standard accepting offers of the stock from several brokers.

This convinced the boy that the pointer conveyed by the note was undoubtedly founded on fact.

"I must get in on this deal when I leave the office this afternoon for the police court. It seems to be a first class chance for me to double my capital. If Mr. 'Foxy' Bird knew he had accidentally put me in the way of making a wad of money I believe he'd have a fit. If I win out it will be one on Mr. Bird."

Mart delivered his note to Mr. Black and then went back to the office.

CHAPTER VIII.—D. & G. Proves To Be a Winner.

At half-past one Mart obtained permission from Rookwood to go to the court on Center street, but the cashier gave it very unwillingly. Mart had a certificate of deposit on the little bank for \$5,000. He put it up as security for the purchase of 650 shares of D. & G. at 73, and received back \$255 in cash.

Then he went on to the police court. The case was one of the first called, and the first witness was the lady who was held up and robbed by the prisoner at the bar. She readily identified the thief, recognized her handbag and testified that the amount of money she had lost was \$5,000. That was the exact sum taken from the crook when he was arrested. Mart then took the witness chair, corroborated the lady's testimony of the robbery, and described his chase of the thief until he had cornered him on the roof of the Church street building, when the policeman came up and took him in charge.

The prisoner was asked if he had anything to say, but remained silent. The magistrate then remanded him for the action of the Grand Jury.

As Mart was leaving the court room he was told by an officer that the lady in the case wished to speak to him. He went over to the bench where she was seated.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Morton, for causing the arrest of the man who robbed me, and for the recovery of my money," she said, smilingly.

"You are quite welcome, madam. I believed it to be my duty to catch him."

"I shall be glad to know you better. My husband, too, will wish to thank you when he returns to the city. Here is my name and address. I shall be pleased to have you call on me any time you can make it convenient to do so."

"Thank you, Mrs. Calvert," replied Mart, taking her card and putting it in his pocket. "I will try and call some time soon."

"Do so. I shall be very glad to see you."

Mart bowed, and then excused himself because he was in haste to return to his office. When he reported his return to Rookwood he found the cashier in bad humor. That individual had been trying to make himself solid with Gertie while

Mart was away, and she had turned him down in a way that he didn't like.

"So you've got back, have you?" growled Rookwood.

"Yes, sir," replied Morton, cheerfully.

"You haven't more than got time to take the day's deposits to the bank. There is the book. Just chase yourself there and back."

Mart grabbed the bankbook, with its wad of yellowbacks and checks, put it into a leather bag which he slung over his shoulder, and started for the bank. He reached his destination within one minute of closing time by a rapid spurt, and took his place at the rear of the line of depositors. Will Bradley came in right after him and gave him a punch in the ribs to let him know that he was on hand.

"It's too bad you wasn't shut out," said Mart: "it would have saved you from the licking I'm going to give you."

"For what?"

"Punching me in the ribs."

"Huh!" grinned Will, giving him another thump. "How do you like that?"

Mark suddenly jerked his elbow back and caught Bradley in the stomach.

"Wow!" grunted Will. "What did you do that for? You almost knocked the wind out of me."

"Just giving you a dose of your own medicine."

"Well, that's enough."

"You're satisfied, then?"

"I've a great mind to knock your block off," growled Will.

"Don't, please. I need it in my business."

"What makes you so late?" asked his friend.

"How about yourself? You came in after me."

"I was delayed by an errand."

"I was delayed by the police court."

"What have you to do with the police court?"

"I was a witness at the examination of a crook."

"Yes you were," replied Will, incredulously.

"I was."

"How came you to be a witness?"

"Because I captured the rascal after he had stolen \$5,000 from a lady on Exchange Place."

"The dickens you did!" exclaimed Will, greatly surprised. "When did this happen?"

"This morning."

"Tell me about it," said Will, eagerly. "Did you see the lady robbed?"

"Sure. And I chased the thief."

"Where did you catch him?"

"On the roof of a building on Church street near Fulton."

"What are you giving me?"

"The truth."

"Did you chase the fellow way over there?"

"Sure."

"Where were the police?"

"On their beats, I suppose. Just wait till I put in my book," said Mart, reaching his hand in at the receiving teller's window.

"Did the fellow put up much of a fight when you cornered him?" asked Will.

"He drew a revolver on me first and had all the best of the argument, but I worked an old gag on him and after that things came my way."

"What do you mean by an old gag?"

"I called his attention to an imaginary cop coming up behind him. He turned to see, and

then I knocked his gun out of his hand with a brick."

Mart got his book from the teller and then Will stepped up to the window and put his in.

"I'm the last of the Mohicans, aren't you glad?" grinned Bradley at the clerk.

As soon as he got his book the boys walked out of the bank together.

"I suppose your adventure is printed in the afternoon papers," said Will.

"I never thought of that," replied Mart. "The reporters must have got the particulars off the station blotter. If they took down my evidence at the examination they ought to have enough material to write up a column."

On their way home an hour later they read the story in the evening paper, and Mart told Will that about three-quarters of the facts were not in it. The morning papers printed a fuller and more accurate account, which the reporters had obtained at the police court. Next day Rookwood made matters particularly sultry for Morton. It looked as if he was trying to get square for the annoyance to which he had been put the preceeding day owing to the boy's thief-catching adventure.

"He's got a big grouch on against me," said Mart to Gertie. "If he doesn't haul in his horns I'll stay away till Mr. Belford comes back, and then show him up. Nothing I do seems to suit him. Well, he'll find he can't ride rough-shod over me."

During the day Mart got an occasional look at the tape, and he was pleased to notice that D. & G. was slowly advancing. It closed at a point and a fraction above the previous day's quotations. Next day was Saturday and Mart began the day's operations with a run-in with Austin Rookwood.

"What's the matter with you, anyway, Morton?" roared the cashier. "You seem to think I haven't any authority down here while Mr. Belford is away. I want you to understand that I am the boss while he is absent, and I don't stand any nonsense from a kid like you. It's your business to do what you're told and say nothing."

"You'll oblige me by not calling me a kid," retorted Mart, with some dignity.

"What else are you? I suppose you imagine yourself a man."

"Well, I'm man enough to resent a continuous performance of abuse such as you have been handing me out since you've been in temporary charge."

"How dare you speak to me in that way?"

"Because it's the truth."

"You young whippersnapper, I'll make it my business to see that you get what's coming to you when Mr. Belford comes back!" cried Rookwood, furiously.

"When he hears my side of the story maybe you'll get all that's coming to you."

"You impertinent jackanapes!" roared Rookwood. "I won't put up with your back-talk any longer. Get out of the office, do you hear? I'll get another messenger."

"You haven't any authority to discharge me," retorted Mart.

"I'll assume the authority, then. I won't have you here, d'ye understand?"

"All right. I don't care to stay here while

you're in charge. Hand me over my week's wages and I'll get out. But as soon as Mr. Belford shows up I'll make you look like thirty cents."

The cashier threw his money at him and Mart coolly walked out and went over to the visitors' gallery of the Exchange, where he met Will and told him about the trouble he had had with Rookwood.

"So you're going to take a holiday till Mr. Belford gets back?"

"That's what I mean to do."

"When do you expect him down?"

"I couldn't say. I hear he's a pretty sick man."

"But you can't afford to remain idle."

"How do you know I can't?"

"Why, you've told me more than once that your sister had all she could do to pull through with the help of your wages."

"I told you the truth; but things are easier with us now. We wouldn't starve if I didn't work for a year."

"Is that so?" I'm glad to hear it."

"By the way, Will, if you want to make another haul out of the market, buy some shares of D. & G. I've just caught on to a pointer that indicates it is to be a sure winner."

"Do you really advise me to buy it?"

"I do. It's gone up two points since I got hold of the tip. Hold on for a ten-point raise at any rate, and I think you'll be safe enough."

"I'll buy on Monday. What is it going at?"

"It closed at 75 today."

Will bought 40 shares of D. & G. Monday on the strength of Mart's advice, and he found himself \$75 to the good at three o'clock. Mart himself was about \$2,500 ahead, so he didn't care whether Mr. Belford came downtown for a month. On Wednesday the stock became the battleground for the brokers. Amid great excitement it went up to 85. Next day it soared to 92 and Mart ordered the bank to close him out.

His stock went at 92½, and he made a profit of \$12,400. Will sold out at 90 and made \$600. Bradley was tickled to death, for he was now worth \$900. He wasn't quite so happy a day or two later when his boss, Mr. Dingwall, was obliged to make an assignment, as the sudden rise in D. & G. had practically wiped him out. At any rate, at the close of the week Will found himself out of a job.

CHAPTER IX.—Mark Hires an Office.

"So you're out of a position, are you, Will?" said Mart, when he met his friend a little after noon on Saturday.

"Yes," replied Bradley, looking rather glum.

"Dingwall went up rather sudden, didn't he?"

"I should say he did. It was D. & G. that did it. He was caught on the short side of the market."

"He isn't the only one that was caught, but the others seem to have weathered the lee-shore of financial disaster."

"Been reading a nautical novel?" grinned Will.

"Lee-shore of financial disaster is good."

"No, just a figurative expression of mine."

"You seem to have a knack for getting off

figurative expressions. When are you going back to your job?"

"Give it up. Mr. Belford is still under the weather, and Rookwood is carrying things with a high hand at the office. I saw Miss Dixon and she told me she had half a mind to leave, herself. On the whole, I don't know as I'll go back."

"Are you looking for another place?"

"No."

"Going to be your own boss a while longer?"

"I'm thinking of being my own boss for good."

"How?" asked Will, in surprise.

"There's a small office in the Atlas building for rent. I have about concluded to take it and hang out my shingle as a broker."

"I think I see you doing it," chuckled Will.

"Well, if you keep track of my movements on Monday you're liable to see me do it."

"What are you going to start on—wind?"

"Not much. I've got quite a little capital."

"Since when?"

"Since I bought 100 shares of M. & B. at 45 and sold it at 65¾."

"When did that happen?" asked Will, incredulously.

"About the time you got that fake tip from 'Foxy' Bird."

"Why, you told me that you didn't have any money then!"

"I didn't when you asked me to go in with you on C. & U., but I had \$500 when I warned you not to buy C. & U., but to sell the stock instead."

"Where did you get it?" asked Will, much astonished.

"I can't tell you all my secrets, Will. It came my way just when it was of great advantage to me. I put it into M. & B. and made \$1,700."

"The dickens you did! And you never told me a word about your good luck at the time."

"That's right. You remember after you made that \$80 by following my advice to sell instead of buy C. & U. that I told you to turn around and buy the stock at the low price it had gone to?"

"Yes, I made \$200 by doing as you told me."

"Well, I bought 500 shares of C. & U. at the same time and made \$3,300."

"You did?"

Mart nodded.

"When I told you to go into D. & G. the other day I had just bought 650 shares of it. You made \$600, while I made something over \$12,000."

"Suffering jawbones!" exclaimed Will.

"Now you know how I've accumulated a little capital of nearly \$20,000. So you see that instead of worrying about my late job at Belford's, I'm figuring on branching out for myself. Don't you want to take desk room with me? I'll give you the benefit of my advice and any tips I may get hold of. With \$900 to back yourself you ought to make more money than running your legs off for some broker."

"My folks wouldn't stand for it."

"Don't tell them. How much do you turn in on Saturdays?"

"Seven dollars."

"Have you told them that you expected to be out today?"

"Yes."

"Well, give them to understand that you ex-

pect to get something next week. Say that you have got in with a new broker who is going to open up in a few days, and that he has offered you a chance to make wages in his office. Then every Saturday draw seven dollars of your capital and turn it in at the house. I'll wager if you follow my lead your capital will grow instead of diminishing."

Will Bradley was quite taken with the idea.

"I'll think it over and let you know Monday morning," he said. "Where will I meet you?"

"If you'll come down at the usual hour I'll meet you at the station."

"It's a go," agreed Will.

Accordingly they met on Monday morning and Mart steered Will around to the Atlas building, where he got the janitor to show them the office. Mart said he'd take it up to the first of next May and flashed a wad of bills in the janitor's face.

"You'll have to see the agent," said the janitor. "If he's willing you should hire it, I'm satisfied."

"Where can I see the agent?" asked Mart.

"He isn't down yet. His office is on the eighth floor. His name is Austin. You'll see it on the door. Call around in about an hour."

"I will," replied Morton.

Mart knew he'd have to furnish a first-class reference and guarantee.

"I'll go around and call on Mr. John Douglas. He'll fix me up, I guess. He said he'd be glad to do me a favor if I wanted one. I'll give him the chance now."

So he walked around to 150 Broadway and took an elevator for the tenth floor. The red-headed youth was on hand when he and Will entered.

"Has Mr. Douglas got down yet?" asked Mart.

"No," replied the boy.

"When do you expect him?"

"Soon," replied the youth.

"We'll wait, then," and so he and Bradley seated themselves.

It was about half an hour before the lawyer made his appearance. He recognized Mart, shook hands with him and asked him into his sanctum.

"Well, how are you doing, Morton?" asked Mr. Douglas, after they were seated.

"I've left my position and am going into business for myself," replied Mart.

"Are you, indeed?"

"Yes, sir. I expect to take an office in the Atlas building on Wall Street, and I came around to ask you if you will stand my reference."

"Certainly I will."

"Thank you. It will probably surprise you to learn that I have made such good use of that \$500 you were so kind to present me with that I am now worth nearly \$20,000."

The lawyer was surprised and asked Mart how he had been so fortunate. The boy told him he had made it out of lucky deals in the stock market.

"I guess you must be a pretty smart boy," smiled the lawyer.

Mart told him how he had been making a study of Wall Street since he first went to work as a messenger, as he was ambitious to become a broker some day.

"Are you thinking of starting out as a broker now?"

"Yes, sir. I don't expect to do much business for myself at first, but in time I hope to break into the game."

"Well, I hope you will get along. I will do all I can to help you. Your promptness in returning my pocketbook, just as you found it, when you might easily have kept the money and disposed of the ring for a considerable sum, much impressed me with your honest and straightforward character. You are at liberty to refer to me at any time and I will back you up."

After some further conversation, Mart took his leave with Will and returned to the Atlas building. The agent was in his office and Mart told him he wanted to rent the office on the seventh floor.

"I am ready to pay three months' rent in advance and can refer you to Lawyer John Douglas, of 150 Broadway."

The agent called Mr. Douglas up on the 'phone and asked him if he would be willing to guarantee the rent of the office for the balance of the term ending May 1st on the following year.

The lawyer said he would, and so Mart got the office. By the end of the week the office was fitted up with two desks, a safe, a ticker, and such other articles as were necessary to make it look like business. A painter was hired to place the following sign on the glass door:

MARTIN MORTON

Stock Broker

"Nothing like being one's own boss, Mart," laughed Will, as he contemplated the finished sign. "I wonder what Mr. Belford would say if he saw that?"

"Give it up. I'd like Austin Rookwood to see it, though. I think he'd have a fit. He's down on me like a carload of bricks. Let's go over to the Exchange now, and see what's doing." And they went.

CHAPTER X.—Miss Trimble.

About one o'clock on the following day, which was Saturday, Mart strolled over to Mr. Belford's office to see Gertie Dixon.

"What are you doing in here?" roared Austin Rookwood, as the boy was about to enter the counting-room.

"I came to see Miss Dixon," replied Mart, independently.

"Well, you can't see her in here."

"Business is over for the day, isn't it?"

"That's none of your business."

"All right," replied Mart. "I'll wait for her in the counting-room."

Gertie had a friend with her, and when she heard Mart's voice she ran out to see him.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Mart," she said, holding out her hand to him. "Come inside, I want to introduce you to a young lady."

"Mr. Rookwood won't have it. He ordered me to stay out of the counting-room."

"Don't you care. Mr. Belford will be down Monday and then you'll be back once more."

"No, I won't. I wouldn't work in the same office with Rookwood for a farm."

"I'm so sorry," replied Gertie, and she looked at it. "Have you got another place?"

"I'm in business for myself."

"You are?" she exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, I've got an office in the Atlas Building, three doors below."

"Is it possible? Why, what are you doing?"

"I'm a broker, and my friend Bradley is in with me, though not as a partner."

"My goodness! You a broker! You astonish me!"

"I thought I would. I came to take you over and show you my office. Will you come?"

"Yes, of course; but I can't understand how you can set up as a broker without money."

"I'm not setting up without money. It cost me several hundred dollars to fit my office up, in the first place."

"Dear me! I was always under the impression that you and your sister were not very well off."

"We haven't been until lately."

"Somebody has left you money, then?"

"No; whatever money I have now I made myself."

"Well," said Gertie, who could not understand the matter, "I'm glad you are so well provided for that you can go into business for yourself. Just wait a moment till I put on my things."

She ran back into the counting-room and a few minutes later reappeared with her friend, whom she introduced to Mart as Miss Annie Trimble.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Trimble," said the boy.

The girl smiled. She was quite a pretty, stylish-looking young lady, and rather impressed Mart.

"We'll go around to my office now, if you are ready," said Morton.

They were quite ready, so the young broker piloted the way to the seventh floor of the Atlas Building.

"Martin Morton, Stock Broker," read Gertie, as they paused in front of his door. "Aren't we some pumpkins now?" she laughed.

"Yes, Gertie, we are one of the people now. Walk in."

The girls admired his office and then sat down for a short chat.

"Are you working in the Street, Miss Trimble?" asked Mart.

"I have been until lately. I am looking for a position at present."

"Wouldn't you sooner be your own boss?"

"That would be nice, I am sure," she smiled, "but too good to be true."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mart. "If you were to branch out as a public stenographer, you could be your own boss."

"I've thought of that, but I couldn't afford to rent an office."

"What's the matter with taking deskroom in here? I won't charge you anything till you get on your feet."

"Oh, I couldn't think of imposing on you that way!"

"Don't you worry about that. I'll be glad to have you. I'll put your name on the door, get some cards printed for you, and you can start out drumming up trade. Besides, Bradley and I will put in a good word for you where we are acquainted."

"You are very kind, I am sure."

"Why don't you take him up, Annie?" said

Gertie. "This is a fine chance for you. You know you've been wanting to start out for yourself. I'll guarantee that Mart will treat you all right."

"I'll talk the thing over with my mother and you know Monday," said Miss Trimble.

"All right," said Mart.

He invited the girls to go to lunch with him and they accepted.

He then took them down to a nice restaurant on Beaver Street and ordered the best lunch the place could furnish. After the meal he escorted them to the Brooklyn Bridge cars and bade them good-bye.

"Well," said Will, when the two boys entered the office on Monday morning, "what are you going to do this week toward making the mighty dollar?"

"I couldn't tell you. We must keep wide awake and watch the market. By the way, I put an advertisement in three of the Wall Street dailies. I'm making a bid for out-of-town patronage. I've arranged with a broker to divide commissions with me on any business I send him. Anything to get a start, you know."

"I guess you'll come out all right. There doesn't seem to be any flies on you."

"I hope not. One can't go to sleep in Wall Street and expect to get along."

"I should say not."

"You'd better go to the Exchange this morning and stay there a couple of hours. Keep an eye on A. & P. I've an idea there may be something doing in that stock. It looks buoyant and is really several points below its usual place on the list. It closed at 88 Saturday. If we had some assurance that it was likely to go up two or three points this week it would pay us to take a shy at it. A profit of 2 a share is not to be sneezed at."

"Bet your life it isn't. I'll go now."

Will put on his hat and departed for the Exchange.

The door had hardly closed behind him before Miss Trimble made her appearance.

"Good morning, Miss Trimble," said Mart. "Take a seat. Well, what decision did you come to about the matter we discussed on Saturday?"

"I have decided to accept your kind offer."

"All right. Do you own a machine?"

"No, but I can easily rent one."

"What machine do you use?"

Miss Trimble named the one to which she was accustomed.

"I'll order one for you this afternoon, and have a table put in for your use. You can occupy that corner by the window."

"Thank you, Mr. Morton."

"I'll order 500 cards from a printer when I go out. How will it read? Miss Trimble or Miss A. Trimble?"

"Miss A. Trimble, I guess," she replied.

"Public Stenographer," went on Mart, making out the copy. "Room 452, Atlas Building. Type-writing done with neatness and dispatch at reasonable rates. That will do, I guess."

"Yes," she said.

"I will have everything ready for you by tomorrow noon."

"I am ever so much obliged," she said, rising to go.

"You're welcome. Don't be in a hurry."

"I want to run uptown to a department store."

"After some bargain that's been advertised?" he chuckled.

"You mustn't be so inquisitive, Mr. Morton," she replied, with an arch smile.

"All right. I'll look for you to-morrow afternoon."

Miss Trimble had been gone but a few minutes when a messenger entered with a note.

Mart recognized him as his successor at Belfords. The note was from Mr. Belford, asking him to call at the office.

"Tell Mr. Belford I'll be over shortly," he said to the boy.

Half an hour later he entered Mr. Belford's office and was shown into the private room.

The broker looked thin and pale.

"Good morning, Mr. Belford," said Mart. "How are you feeling?"

"Not very bright as yet. How is it that you left the office? I have heard Mr. Rookwood's story. Miss Dixon also had something to say on the subject which did not coincide with my cashier's statement. I should like to hear your side of the question. It is my impression, from my experience with you, that Mr. Rookwood acted without weighing the circumstances properly. I don't like to lose you, but I hear from Miss Dixon that you've opened an office in the Atlas Building. I'm afraid that was an unwise move on your part. However, that is not the matter I want to see you about. I want to know exactly why you left my employ."

"I left because Mr. Rookwood insisted on my going, and also because I didn't care to work any longer under his authority. He didn't treat me decently, and I am too independent to put up with unmerited abuse. You know well enough that I always attended to your work right up to the handle, and that you never found fault with me. Now I couldn't please Mr. Rookwood even a little bit. He has a standing grouch against me, and he took advantage of your absence to rub it in. The trouble began with my two-hour absence the first morning, when I gave chase to a thief who robbed a lady on Exchange Place."

Mart explained the whole of his adventure to the broker.

"I should have acted the same way had you been here, and I don't think that you would have blamed me," concluded Mart.

Before the interview was over Morton had squared himself. Then Mr. Belford asked him how he expected to succeed in business, and what capital he had. He told the broker just how he had made his capital in the market, and the gentleman was quite surprised.

"I suppose it is out of the question for me to expect you to come back, Mart?"

"Yes, sir. I expect to get along much better now than as a messenger."

"I hope you will. I'll see if I can't put something in your way occasionally to encourage you, for believe me, I am interested in your future."

"Thank you, sir. Anything you may do will be gratefully appreciated."

Mart then rose and bade the broker good-by. He took the liberty of walking into the counting-room to see Gertie. The cashier glared at him, but did not dare to keep him out. While Mart was

talking to the stenographer, Mr. Belford called Rookwood inside and told him plainly that he did not approve of his course toward Morton. This calling-down did not improve the cashier's feelings toward Mart, but he was prudent enough not to give vent to them when he saw the boy pass out. Mart then returned to his office to study the latest Wall Street intelligence, and to consider the situation with a view to making a profitable deal.

A few days later Mart learned that a syndicate had been formed to boost S. & T. Mart watched the stock and when it began to advance he purchased through Mr. Belford quite a large block of it.

The stock advanced rapidly, and when he sold out he had added over \$50,000 dollars to his capital. Will had also made \$2,500.

CHAPTER XI.—An Innocent Victim.

Six weeks passed away after the deal in S. & T., the profits of which had added so materially to the size of each of the boys' capital, and mid-summer had come around. Although business in general was slack in the Street, Miss Trimble had so much work on hand that she had to hire another lady, a handsome blonde girl of nineteen, to help her get it out. Her blonde assistant, whose name was Fanny Fair, had not worked three days in the office before she decided that the young broker was a good thing to capture, if possible, and she began to practice her fascinating arts upon him. She had figured out that the good-looking young man was a fine catch, and she had a business eye to the future. Being a very handsome girl, with chic ways, and an excellent dresser, she had considerable advantage over Miss Trimble, and she knew how to make the best use of her good points. Having laid herself out to win Mart Morton, and checkmate Annie Trimble, whom she discovered stood high in the young broker's good graces, she was not over scrupulous as to the means she employed to achieve her object. She was thoroughly wide-awake and "up to snuff," as the expression is, and she soon found out that the office was often left in Annie Trimble's charge.

On several of these occasions Annie left her alone in the office while she went out to take notes at some office in the building. One morning Mart went out, leaving the safe open. Soon after he had gone a broker came in and offered Miss Trimble a 20 bill in payment for certain work she had done for him. There was \$7 change coming to him, but when the girl looked in her purse she found she did not have any money.

"I'm afraid I can't change this, Mr. Harlow," she said.

"It doesn't matter. You can bring me the change any time to-day," he replied.

As he was turning away Annie noticed the open safe, and knowing that Mart was accustomed to keeping a small amount of money on hand all the time to meet current expenses, she thought she would take the liberty of changing the bill and telling Mart afterward about it.

"Wait a moment," she said. "Maybe I can get the money in the safe."

She tripped over to the cash drawer and looked into it. There were some bills and some loose silver in it. She decided to take \$7 and leave her \$20 bill. Miss Fair had taken in the whole transaction, as she did everything that happened in the office, and she was jealous that Miss Trimble should have such a pull in the office that she could go to the office safe in the absence of the boss and help herself to money. So when Annie returned to her desk, Miss Fair, who for her own purposes acted very sweetly and confidentially toward Miss Trimble, remarked:

"Mr. Morton must have great confidence in you to permit you to go to the safe for money whenever you want it."

"Oh, that's the first time I ever did it," replied Annie, with a nervous little laugh. "I suppose I ought not to have taken the liberty, but I am sure Mr. Morton won't care, for he's an awful nice young man, and has been very generous toward me. At any rate, I left the \$20 bill in the box as security for the \$7."

"It will be all right, of course," replied Miss Fair, sweetly. "I suppose you admire Mr. Morton very much."

"What do you mean?" asked Annie, with a rosy blush which did not escape the attention of the other girl.

"I mean you like Mr. Morton—that is, in a general way," replied Miss Fair, diplomatically.

"Of course I like him. Any one would. He's a perfect gentleman."

"He seems to think a great deal of you," smiled her assistant.

"More than he would any young lady with whom he was brought into daily association," replied Annie, blushing again.

"Oh, yes he does," purred Miss Fair. "I'm not blind. I am sure that he thinks you are the nicest girl he ever met. His friend, Mr. Bradley, as good as admitted that fact to me yesterday."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Annie, her face growing scarlet.

"No nonsense at all, dear," said Miss Fair, in a caressing tone that she knew how to use with great effect on her own sex. "I know what I know, and I congratulate you on the impression you have produced on him. I wish I was as fortunate."

Miss Fair was a past master in the art of inviting confidence and establishing friendly relations between herself and other girls. At the same time she often took an unfair advantage of their friendship and confidence when it served her purpose to do so.

"I think we had better change the subject," said Miss Trimble, feeling decidedly embarrassed.

"Very well," replied Miss Fair, soothingly, working away industriously at the keys of her machine, after a covert glance in Annie's direction.

She knew how far to go with safety, and when she detected danger signals she never disregarded them. Shortly afterward Annie had a call to go to an office on the next floor, and she asked Miss Fair to look after the office. As soon as she was gone Miss Fair rushed over to the safe, looked in the cash drawer, saw the \$20 bill, took it out and returned to her seat, placed it in the back of her shoe. She had hardly done so before Will Bradley came in. Will was quite smitten with Miss Fair,

which fact had not escaped that young lady's attention, and she had encouraged him to believe that the admiration was mutual. Having nothing particular to do, Will got a chair and sat beside her. After some conversation, during which Miss Fair bent many coquettish glances on Will, she remarked:

"Miss Trimble has the run of your safe, hasn't she?"

"Not to my knowledge," he replied. "However, it isn't my safe, it's Morton's. Why?"

"Because I saw her help herself to some money a little while ago."

Will thought this was rather a cheeky proceeding on Annie Trimble's part, and he decided to call Mart's attention to the fact.

"Morton may have given her permission to do so, but I doubt it," replied Will, who was a little sore on Annie because she had not shown him the decided preference he had looked for when she first came to the office.

"I wouldn't think of doing such a thing if I was in her position," said Miss Fair, in a pointed way. "Mr. Morton is so nice to her that maybe she thinks she owns the office. Of course I don't wish you to think that I believe she would take any money that didn't belong to her, but an open safe always furnishes a temptation that some girls can't resist. I know one girl," and Fanny Fair proceeded to tell Will an imaginary incident that fitted so well to Miss Trimble's case that she succeeded, as she intended, in arousing Bradley's suspicions.

"It doesn't do any harm to watch such a girl sometimes on general principles," hinted Miss Fair, with one of her angelic smiles. Will, overpowered by the witchery of her manner, was fully prepared to agree with anything she said. All things considered, Fanny Fair was a girl to be avoided, for she was capable of doing a whole lot of harm. While they were talking, Annie came back with her notebook and proceeded to get busy on her machine. Will went to his desk and began to read a newspaper. After a little while Miss Fair said she was going to lunch, so she put on her hat and went out. Fifteen minutes later Mart came back. Will jumped up when he saw him, and going to the door, took him outside in the corridor. A tall Japanese screen stood between the safe and the door and Annie did not notice Mart when he started to come in. Beside, she was putting on her hat to go out herself. As soon as she was ready to go she stood waiting for Will Bradley to return. Suddenly she thought of the \$20 bill.

"Perhaps I'd better take it out and change it myself," she said to herself. "Mr. Morton may not have the change, and I wouldn't like to give him the trouble to get it changed when I can do it as well myself."

With that idea in her head she went to the safe and pulled out the cash box. She was surprised not to see the \$20 bill where she had put it.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed. "Where can it be? I am sure I put it in this drawer."

At that moment Mart and Will entered the office. Will noticed that Annie was not at her desk. Then he saw her hat showing just above the Japanese screen.

"Miss Trimble, what does this mean?" demanded Mart, sternly, suddenly appearing from behind

the screen, with Will following closely at his heels.

The young woman uttered a smothered shriek of consternation, and dropped the cash box on the floor.

CHAPTER XII.—Annie Trimble Comes out on Top.

Miss Trimble wouldn't have acted as she did only she was startled by the sudden appearance of Mart, and frightened by his harsh words and stern countenance. This, together with the consciousness that she had no right to be at the safe, completely unnerved her for the moment. Realizing that she had unwittingly placed herself in a compromising position with the boy, toward whom she felt a strong sense of gratitude and perhaps even a warmer feeling, she gave him one appealing look and then burst into tears. That look went straight to Mart's heart, and her tears did the rest. He felt that he couldn't be hard on her, no matter what she was guilty of. He gave Will a sign to get out, which that lad obeyed with pleasure, for he had no wish to be present at an unpleasant interview. Mart looked at the weeping girl and then laying his hand gently on her arm, said:

"I beg your pardon for startling you so, Miss Annie. I should have known better. Please don't cry. I have no doubt you can explain matters to my satisfaction. Come over and sit down."

He led the trembling and weeping girl to a chair beside his desk, and did all he could to soothe her. "You frightened me so when you jumped out from behind that screen," she went on. "I had not the slightest idea that either you or Mr. Bradley were in the room."

There was a certain naive acknowledgment, and hardly to be expected as part of a defense that one who was guilty would make to try and clear herself. Then between her sobs she went on to explain the whole matter—how she had received a \$20 bill from Broker Harlow in payment for \$13 worth of work, and how, not having the change, she had ventured to take \$7 from his cash drawer to give him, leaving the \$20 bill as security.

"I was just going out to lunch when I thought about the bill. It occurred to me that I had better take the bill out and change it myself so that I could return the \$7 to you with an explanation, which I believed, from your uniform kindness to me, that you would accept and overlook my freedom in making temporary use of your money without your permission. So I went to the safe, while waiting for Mr. Bradley to return, to get it. But I couldn't find the bill where I put it. It was not in the cash drawer, and I know I put it there. That startled me a bit, and then—and then—you sprang out to me, and spoke so—so harshly—that—that——"

"Please don't cry, Miss Annie. I was too hard on you, I can easily see, and I want you to forgive me for doubting you."

His words only made her cry the more. He began to feel embarrassed, but presently his strong liking for the girl took possession of him.

"Don't say another word about it, Annie. You will let me call you Annie, won't you? You might

as well know the truth now as any other time—that I love you very dearly. That you are the only girl I have ever cared for or ever will care for. I want you to be my wife some day, if you only will. Is that a vain dream on my part, or will you permit me to hope?"

Instinctively he put his arm around her waist and drew her head tenderly and unresistingly down on his shoulder, where she continued to sob like a tired child.

waist and drew her head tenderly and unresistingly down on his shoulder, where she continued to sob like a tired child.

"There is—nothing—for me to—forgive," she sobbed.

"Yes, there is. I want you to forgive me for doubting you. Do you?"

"Yes."

"And do you care for me?"

"Yes."

"And you promise to be my wife some day?"

"Do—do you really want me to?"

"I do. It is yes, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Then he kissed her for the first time, and both were very happy at that moment.

"Now, let us look for that \$20 bill you say you put in the cash drawer. Surely it ought to be there if you put it there."

He went and picked up the drawer, and recovered all the money that had fallen out, but the \$20 bill was missing. Then he asked her to go over the circumstances again.

"Did you leave the room after putting the money in the drawer?"

"Yes, I went to Mr. Gale's office to take some dictation."

"Did you leave the office in charge of Miss Fair?"

"Yes."

"How long were you gone?"

"About fifteen minutes. When I returned Mr. Bradley had come back and was talking to her."

"Hum!" said Mart, who knew that the suspicions against Miss Trimble had originated with Miss Fair, for Will had admitted as much when Mart questioned him out in the corridor.

"Never mind the bill now, Annie dearest, I have an idea where it went."

"Where?" she asked wonderingly.

"I prefer not to say as it is only a suspicion."

"But your \$7, Mart? I can't return it to-day unless I get my bill."

"Seven dollars won't break me, sweetheart," he said, in a joyous tone, slipping his arm around her waist. "Give me another kiss and then go to lunch."

She kissed him shyly, and then ran to wash her face, for she was conscious that she looked like a perfect fright. After she had gone Mart went to Mr. Harlow's office. He said that Miss Trimble had mislaid the \$20 bill she had received from him, and asked him if he could describe it.

"I only know it was on the Manhattan National Bank," replied the broker. "And that it was a brand new bill."

Mart thanked him and returned to his office where he found Will talking to Miss Fair, who had got back. Mart sat at his desk and considered in his mind whether Miss Fair had really had the nerve to steal that bill or not.

"She saw Annie put it in the safe, and she was alone for a while in the office. Well, if she took it she's \$20 ahead. I must get another new bill and give it to Annie, telling her that I found it in the safe back of the cash drawer. That will close the incident."

Mart got up, put on his hat and told Will he was going to lunch.

"All right, old man," replied Will. "I'll be here when you get back."

Miss Fair looked up and cast a sweet look at Morton. Then she opened her handbag and pulled out her scented handkerchief. Something else came out with it—a brand new \$20 bill, and it fell at Morton's feet. He picked it up and glanced at it. It bore the name of the Manhattan National Bank.

"You are careless with your money, Miss Fair," he said, bending a sharp look at her face, which had flushed very red, as he tendered her the money.

She took it and threw it quickly back into her bag, putting her handkerchief on top of it. "She is the thief," said Mart to himself, "but it will be impossible to prove it. Annie must get rid of her at once."

Then he walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XIII.—Mart Outlines A Corner In Louisville Southern.

Will Bradley had no idea how the matter had terminated between Miss Trimble and Mart. He was about satisfied that she was guilty and he wondered what his companion would do about it. When Mart left the office he became confidential with Fanny Fair and told her how he and Morton had caught Miss Trimble at the safe when she thought she was alone in the place. Miss Fair smiled triumphantly, but pretended to be deeply grieved over the unhappy incident. She took care, however, to fan Will's suspicions into a flame of indignation against Miss Trimble, and she did it most artfully, for Bradley was like soft putty in her hands. Miss Fair was rather surprised to note that Miss Trimble on her return, for from appearing downcast over what had happened, seemed to look particularly happy. She couldn't understand it, and the fact disturbed her. But she was not prepared for the unpleasant surprise that awaited her next day, which was Saturday.

Mart had a private talk with Annie before she went home on Friday afternoon, and he had told her a few things that opened her eyes.

"You get a new assistant at once, Annie," he had said, and she agreed with him.

Consequenally when she paid Miss Fair off she told her that she would be obliged to dispense with her services.

"What for?" flashed the handsome blonde. "Are you going to give up here?"

It occurred to her that Morton had told Miss Trimble to go, and she instantly made up her mind to apply for the privilege herself.

"No," replied Annie, coldly. "But I think I can get along without you."

Miss Fair was paralyzed.

"You have a lot of work on hand. You can't do it all yourself. You need somebody to help you, and I can do the work as well as anybody."

"We won't argue the matter, Miss Fair."

"I s'pose not," she snapped. "I think I understand the matter. You're jealous of me. You're afraid I'll take Mr. Morton's eye away from you. It's a wonder he'd look at you at all after you were caught stealing——"

"Stop!" cried Annie Trimble, indignantly. "You are going too far."

"Am I?" replied Miss Fair, sarcastically. "You thought I didn't hear all about the matter. Well, I've got my opinion of somebody, so there!"

"And I've got my opinion of you," said Miss Trimble, right from the shoulder. "I suppose you didn't take that \$20 bill that I put in the safe yesterday?"

"Me! Why, the idea! How dare you accuse me?" cried the blonde, flushing as red as fire.

"I haven't accused you, though appearances are against you."

"What appearances, I'd like to know?"

"The bill that was taken from the cash drawer was a new one on the Manhattan National Bank. A similar bill fell out of your bag yesterday afternoon and was picked up and returned to you by Mr. Morton, who took notice of it. That is all, Miss Fair. I have my suspicions, therefore I prefer not to have you here."

Annie was glad to see her go, and she never saw her again. The only one who missed her was Will Bradley, and after Mart had told him a few things he felt as foolish as a long-eared donkey who had kicked a hole in a fence and caught his hind legs in it. After that he had a very different opinion of Annie Trimble, and took the first opportunity to congratulate her on having won his chum's heart. During the next few months business began to come little by little to Morton's office, until there wasn't any doubt about his reputation as a smart and trustworthy young broker. He and Will went into a number of deals that turned out successfully, though the profits were small in a way, that is, \$2 and \$3 per share; in the aggregate they raised Mart's capital to \$150,000, and Will's to about \$7,000. Mart was now pretty well known among the brokers, who had ceased to guy him as the "Baby" of Wall Street, because he had demonstrated that he could hold his own with the best of them. Some of the younger element were still disposed to sneer at him owing to his steady avoidance of cafes and persistent refusal to indulge in tobacco in any shape. Their derision, however, did not bother him any, for he had the courage of his convictions, and could not be guyed into breaking any worthy resolution he had established for his own guidance. One morning about the middle of March Mart walked into Mr. Belford's office.

"Glad to see you, Morton," said the broker, cheerfully. "Take a seat. Can I do anything for you to-day?"

"No, sir, but maybe I can do something for you."

"Well, small favors as well as large ones are thankfully received," replied Mr. Belford. "What is it? An order you've brought me?"

"No, sir. It's a warning."

"A warning! I don't understand you."

"May I ask if you are at present interested in Louisville Southern?"

"Louisville Southern? Why do you ask?"

"Because I overheard Ellis Bird and two other brokers of his stamp talking in the lower corridor

of the Empire Building yesterday afternoon about a scheme that has been started to squeeze you in Louisville Southern. Mr. Bird is dead sore on you for something you've done which cut out his anticipated profits on a big deal he and his friends were interested in. Now to get back at you I understand that they've formed a syndicate to do you on L. S. 'Foxy' Bird has managed to bribe your cashier, Austin Rookwood, and has through him learned that you are long on a large number of shares of L. S. purchased on a ten-day option in anticipation of an early rise in the price. They aim to corner the balance of the shares, which would give them control of the market. They mean to sell short first and force the price down, then they'll buy in the stock to cover their short sales. By that time your option will have expired, and they expect to clean you out."

"I am heavily interested in Louisville Southern, and if the price is forced down inside of the next six days I'll be badly crippled," he said, hoarsely. "I cannot doubt the truth of your statement, Morton, because I know you to be thoroughly reliable, and also because the facts you have mentioned are in line with the situation. Has Mr. Rookwood really proved false to me and divulged important business secrets?"

"It seems so, Mr. Belford, for how else could Ellis Bird learn that you had purchased this particular option?" replied Mart.

"It must be so. I will discharge him at once," he cried violently.

"Very true, Mr. Belford, but for the present it may be to your advantage to retain him in your office for a few days longer."

"I don't see why."

"Then I will explain. I have been thinking over your probable dilemma and figuring out what I would do if I were in your place. You are now forewarned of the purposes of the enemy. It is up to you to block their game and, if possible, turn the tables on them. You have one advantage that they do not know that you are on to them, and to keep them in the dark it would be wise not to discharge your cashier prematurely."

"True, I can block them by selling the option at the market right away. I'll lose about \$75,000, but that will be the extent of my loss. It's too bad when I expected to clear a quarter of million by that option."

"Well, what's the matter with you securing a majority yourself and spoiling Mr. Bird's little game?"

"Impossible. I couldn't raise the funds."

"So I supposed. But that doesn't prevent Mr. Douglas, the Broadway lawyer, with whom I have talked over my plan, and myself from securing enough of the outstanding shares to checkmate Mr. 'Foxy' Bird. Mr. Douglas has agreed to match my \$150,000 with a similar sum. I have a broker who will act for us. We will set him quietly to work to buy in all the shares he can get hold of. As fast as they are delivered we will hypothecate them at Mr. Douglas's bank for as much as we can get on them, and thus with our \$300,000 capital we expect to secure \$50,000 of the 65,000 shares in sight. Mr. Bird will have to sell a great deal more than 15,000 shares short to make any impression on the market. We will have a broker to keep tab on Mr. Bird. As soon as he has sold

15,000 shares our broker will then step in and buy every share above that number he offers. When the time comes for the enemy to cover their short sales they won't be able to get over 15,000 shares of L. S. for love or money. The three of us will control 80,000 shares, and we can make our own price on the stock. It's my opinion that I see 'Foxy' Bird's finish at last."

"Morton, you're a genius! If you can carry out your plan as you have outlined it, I shall be saved, you and the lawyer will make a fortune, and the Bird crowd will probably be driven from the Street."

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

Mart gave Will a \$7,000 interest in his own \$150,000 share of the contemplated transaction so that he might participate in the expected profits.

The broker, Morton, as leader of the deal, began operations without delay and as fast as the shares were bought they were deposited with the Manhattan National Bank as security for additional funds.

The Bird crowd had already started in to sell short, thousands of shares of the stock which they did not own, but which they fully expected to be able to buy in in a day or two at greatly reduced price.

By their efforts the stock did fall a few points and this brought Morton and the lawyer face to face with their only real difficulty—the bank requested additional security for the depreciation in the value of the shares they were holding.

Mr. Douglas, however, had expected this and provided for it by advancing the funds out of his large private fortune. The slight slump also promised to add largely to the ultimate profits of the Morton-Douglas Syndicate, as Mart called it, for their broker got the largest part of their purchases at 40, 39 and 38.

The Bird crowd could not force Louisville Southern below 37½, and at that figure they proceeded to cover. They had sold 40,000 shares and now several brokers in their interest scurried about to pick up that number of shares. But they met with the surprise of their lives. They had located over 40,000 shares before they began the deal, and expected to have no trouble in getting them when they were ready. Now they discovered that somebody else had bought up most of these shares, and it was with the utmost difficulty that they got hold of 15,000.

"Foxy" Bird and his friends were aghast. They had supposed the transaction had been conducted so secretly that not even Mr. Belford was suspected of knowing anything about such a thing.

A meeting was hastily called at the office of Mr. Bird to consider the situation, which looked extremely serious. They had dug a pit for the financial undoing of Broker Belford, and the pit now threatened to cave in and bury themselves in the ruin. Some other interests appeared to have been at work simultaneously with themselves. The question was how were they going to extricate themselves from a bad predicament? They were pledged to deliver 40,000 shares of Louisville Southern in order to complete their contracts, and they only had 15,000

shares. It looked as if somebody had cornered the stock. In that case they would have to settle at whatever price the person who held the balance of the shares chose to ask for them.

"There is only one thing that will save us," said Mr. Bird. "We must call off our scheme against Broker Belford and get an outside broker to go to him and buy the option he holds on those 30,000 shares. The market price today is 38, and at that figure he stands to lose over \$180,000 tomorrow at three o'clock, when the option expires. We can bid 40, which will save him \$60,000. He will be likely to take us up as apparently it will be greatly to his interest to do so."

"That's what we will do, Mr. Bird," said one of those present, all of whom were in a kind of cold sweat over the situation. "But supposing he refuses to sell at 40. He may suspect our object in buying so large a number of shares at an advance of two points above the market, and may hold out on the chance of the stock recovering in time to save his bacon."

"Why, in that case we'll have to bid higher. We simply must have those shares, even if we let Belford out of his hole at a profit," replied Mr. Bird.

"So Mr. Bird was authorized to use his own judgment in trying to rescue the syndicate from the consequences of their own scheme. More money was called for and chipped in to enable Ellis Bird to buy the shares. Mart Morton, in the meanwhile, had calculated on just such a move on the part of the Bird crowd as soon as they discovered the stock they wanted had been cornered. Accordingly, he warned Mr. Belford not to sell his option at any price, as everything depended on the inability of the opposition to meet their engagements. So when a broker called on Mr. Belford and offered to relieve him of his option at two points above the market, he refused to sell. In accordance with an arrangement between him and Mart, he notified the boy that a broker was in his office bidding for the option. Mart immediately instructed his broker at the Exchange to begin bidding up the price of the stock. This was a safe thing to do, as the Morton-Douglas Syndicate held about every share of stock outside of the 30,000 anchored by the Belford option and the 15,000 held by the Bird faction, which of course was not for sale.

Practically, Mart's broker was at liberty to offer any figure without fear of any coming to light. These quotations were naturally rising ones, and they attracted attention and caused considerable excitement on the floor, where the stock was now generally admitted to have been cornered. Bird's broker in Mr. Belford's office found himself up against these quotations and he had to meet them and go better. The Bird faction soon saw how the market was going in Louisville Southern and each and every one began to see his finish. As Mr. Belford would not sell, and the figures on the tape justified his action, the broker had to report nonsuccess to Ellis Bird. The stock closed at 50 that day, and the Bird crowd threw up their hands. They were beaten to a standstill and their only recourse now was to make the best terms they could with the brokers who had purchased the stock of them. Here another surprise awaited

Mr. Bird. He was referred to Mart Morton, the "Baby" Broker of the Street, as Mr. Bird himself had often slightly alluded to him.

It was a bitter pill, but he had to go to Mart, and the boy was expecting him.

"I understand that you hold the situation on Louisville Southern?" said "Foxy" Bird, as soon as he was seated in the little office.

"I do," replied Mart. "Have you come to settle with me? I hold your obligations to the amount of 40,000. Are you prepared to deliver the stock?"

"You know well that I can't deliver over 15,000 shares. What will you let me out on the remaining 25,000 for?"

"Seventy-five."

Mr. Bird jumped to his feet with a bad word.

"There is a lady present, Mr. Bird," said Mart, suavely.

"Do you want to ruin me and my friends?" roared Mr. Bird.

"What would you do if the situation was reversed, Mr. Bird?" asked Mart, coldly. "You've done the boys up pretty often yourself. Now you've got to take a dose of your own medicine."

"I can't settle at 75. I'll have to notify the Exchange that I'm unable to meet my engagements."

"What can you settle for?"

"Fifty-one."

"Sorry, but I can't accept. I'll let you off for sixty-five."

"You're an infernal young monkey!" roared Broker Bird.

"Thanks, Mr. Bird. You've called me the Wall Street 'Baby.' Well, the 'Baby' is a pretty healthy one, don't you think? You've got till three o'clock to see me at 65. If you don't settle you know what will happen."

At three o'clock the Bird Syndicate settled at 65. Mr. Bird turned in the 15,000 shares of Louisville Southern and his certified check for \$625,000. Mart sold the stock at 50, which gave him and Mr. Douglas \$150,000 more profit. Their entire profit on the corner amounted to three-quarters of a million. Mr. Belford also sold his option at 50, clearing \$120,000. And the next day Austin Rookwood found himself out of a reputation and a job as well, and he got out of the Street forever.

Of course the news of "Foxy" Bird's doing up by Mart Morton soon got around Wall Street, and Mart held a triumphant levee at his little office. He was the talk of the financial district, and the Sunday papers gave him two pages, as Will said they would. Naturally that advertisement boomed his business and he had to get larger and finer quarters right away. Annie Trimble became his private stenographer until the day was finally set for their marriage, a year later. Mart is now worth a couple of millions, and Will Bradley is also well off.

We may conclude by saying that there isn't a bank in Wall Street but would be more than willing to act as repository for Mart Morton's Money.

Next week's issue will contain "FAMOUS AT FOURTEEN; or, THE BOY WHO MADE A GREAT NAME."

GUS AND THE GUIDE

— Or. —

Three Weeks Lost in the Rockies

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued)

It was an affecting moment, and Gus pulled away, feeling that he had won out, and wondering what was to come his way in compensation for the trouble he had been through.

This he was not very long in discovering, for the next day Mr. Marston asked him to name his reward.

It took a little time to get at it, but in the end Gus got his heart's desire, for Mr. Marston made him a present of the money he had recovered from George Brandt, and a loan besides, with which Gus bought back his father's old cattle ranch in Colorado.

What happened at Black Rock after he left Gus never learned, except that he saw in the papers that the captured Gophers were sent to the penitentiary for long terms.

Matt Marston, up to the time Gus left New York, had no memory of his adventures among the Rockies, but in all other respects appeared to be as bright as he ever was.

Later on he spent a year at Gus' ranch, and they became better acquainted. Matt grew to be a big, strapping fellow, but mentally he was never overbright.

Belle was never heard of again.

Gus to-day is a well-to-do stock raiser, and much respected by all who know him.

Nothing would induce him to change his lot and return East.

Mr. Marston remains his staunch friend, and has twice paid a visit to the ranch, for the old banker has not forgotten what he owes to our hero.

The End.

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

A COWBOY STORY BEGINS

— Entitled —

BUCKSKIN BILL, THE COWBOY PRINCE

Or,

The Rough Riders of the Ranch

By GASTON GARNE

Don't Fail to Read the Opening Chapters!

OUT NEXT WEEK!

DUPLICATES WITHOUT CARBON, PAPER

Typewriting multiple copies without the use of carbon paper has been made possible by a recent invention perfected by Max E. Melton,

an employee of the United States Post Office, according to Popular Science. His device is attached to a standard typewriter. It consists of paper rolls ingeniously arranged so that as the paper is fed to the typewriter platen the sheets are automatically interleaved with duplicating ribbon.

The invention, it is reported, is expected to save the Government thousands of dollars a year. The inventor has received a cash reward for his efforts.

THE LYRE-BIRD

One of the most curious of birds is the lyre-bird, a native of New South Wales. Although a member of the wren family, it is so dissimilar in outward appearance to the common wren that one can see it belongs to an entirely different family. The lyre-bird is generally called Bullen-Bullen by the natives because of the queer noise it makes, and takes its other name because of the lyre-shaped tail and flexible voice. The extraordinary tail of this bird is often upward of two feet in length, and consists of sixteen feathers, formed and arranged in a very curious and graceful manner. The two outer feathers are broadly webbed, and are curved in a manner that gives to the widely-spread tail the appearance of an ancient lyre. When the tail is merely held erect and not spread, the two lyre-shaped feathers cross each other and produce an entirely different outline. The two central tail-feathers are narrowly webbed, and all the others are modified with long slender shafts, bearded by alternate feathery filaments, and well representing the strings of the lyre. The tail is seen in its greatest beauty between the months of June and September, after which time it is shed, to make its first reappearance in the ensuing February or March.

The lyre-bird is one of the shy members of the bird family and is very difficult to procure. Travelers have reported hearing the calls of the lyre-birds for days without ever catching a glimpse of them. The cracking of a stick, the rolling of a stone or the sound of breaking underbrush is sufficient to frighten them away.

Seldom does the bird attempt to escape by flight, but easily eludes pursuit by its extraordinary powers of running. The naked natives are the most successful hunters; their noiseless, gliding steps enabling them to steal upon the bird unheard or unperceived, and with a gun in their hands they rarely allow the birds to escape.

The lyre-bird's food consists principally of insects, particularly of centipedes, coleoptera and snails. Its nest is a large loosely built, domed structure, composed of all sticks, roots and leaves, and is an oval shape, the entrance being in front.

The egg of this singular bird is quite curious in itself, and presents the curious anomaly of an egg as large as that of a common fowl, possessing all the characteristics of the insessorial egg. The general color of the egg is a deep chocolate tint, marked with purple more or less deep in different specimens, and its surface is covered with a number of stains and blotches of a darker hue, which are gathered toward the larger end, as is usual in spotted eggs.

SAVED JUST IN TIME

By Kit Clyde

During the siege of Yorktown by McClellan I was detailed from my company to do scout duty. While reports were no doubt sent to the commander himself, I reported directly to a division commander, whom I never met without being forced to notice the fact that he was the worse for liquor.

On my third trip I was very nearly captured by the rebels, and in the squeeze I got rid of all my papers, including the pass which gave me entrance and exit to the Federal lines. Therefore, when I finally reached the Federal picket post, I had nothing by which to identify myself. There I was regarded as a veritable spy, and the general in command was extremely pompous in his demeanor toward me. I can remember the conversation as vividly as if it took place yesterday. By the time I reached my tent my arms had been tied behind me, and I was looked upon as a very dangerous fellow.

"So you are the spy captured down there at the picket?" shouted the general as I stood before him.

"I am a Union soldier, sir, and belong to——"

"Shut up, you scoundrel! Don't think that you can stand there and lie to me. What rebel command do you belong to?"

"None, sir. I am a Union scout and was detailed——"

"Stop!" he shouted, while his face grew crimson. "While the truth may not help you, I hate to see you stand in the presence of death with a lie upon your lips. Guard, remove him."

I was taken away and confined in a guard house, but not for long. In about an hour I was taken to another tent in the same encampment, and I entered it to find four or five general officers present. It was to be a drumhead court-martial.

When they finally condescended to hear my explanation I gave my name and stated that the general to whom I made my reports would identify me. I stood in neither awe nor fear, knowing how easily I could be identified. Some of the members of the court were opposed to giving me this chance for my life, but it was finally decided to dispatch an orderly and adjourn the court for an hour. I was conducted back to the guard house to wait, and when again taken before the officers I expected to be discharged without delay. You can therefore imagine my feelings when I was informed that Gen. —— utterly repudiated me. My regiment and company were a dozen miles away, and I felt that it would be useless to ask further delay. In ten minutes I was found guilty, and sentenced to execution at sunrise, and before midnight a scaffold had been prepared.

Why had Gen. —— denied my identity? The only excuse I could offer for him was that he was drunk when the messenger reached him, and such proved to be the case. Roused from his stupid

sleep, he had winked and blinked at the communication and made out a portion of it, and then flung it down with the assertion that he knew no one of my name. The gallows were erected within a few rods where I was confined. Some beams and boards were taken from an abandoned house and the structure was a very rude affair. I could plainly hear every blow struck, and the fellows engaged in putting it up seemed to want me to overhear their unfeeling remarks.

Half an hour before sunrise I was brought out and escorted to the foot of the gallows. If I remember right there was about half a company of infantry on the ground. Only a few of the soldiers in camp were out to witness the proceedings. They had graciously provided me with spiritual consolation in the presence of a chaplain, but, though the good man talked to me for ten minutes, I did not hear one word in twenty uttered.

I was all the time wondering how long before it would be over, and every minute of delay made me impatient. When the time came for me to mount the scaffold I was really glad of it.

There was nothing in the sight of the dangling rope to chill me. I took my place on the trap, the chaplain uttered a prayer, and then a soldier quickly tied my elbows and ankles and pulled a cap over my head. It was a matter of seconds now, and I said to myself:

"It's coming now. Good-by to all! It will soon be over."

They had to cut a rope underneath to spring the trap. My sense of hearing was so acute that I located the man who stood with an axe ready to do this service at a given signal, and I heard him whisper to himself:

"Why in heaven's name do they keep the man so long in suspense?"

Then I began to count one—two—three—and so on, and had got up to nine when I heard a shouting not far away and mingled with it the sounds of horses coming at a gallop.

"Don't cut the rope!" commanded the officer in charge, and I said to myself:

"Something has gone wrong and there will be a further delay. Perhaps I am to be shot. It would be an easier way to die."

There was some loud talk around me, two or three people came up the ladder to the platform, and directly a hand pulled the cap off my head and a voice said:

"Captain, there is some terrible mistake here. This is Roberts, one of my scouts."

It was General ——. As he awoke from his drunken sleep at an early hour a dim remembrance of the message crept into his mind and he rolled out of bed and found the inquiry sent by the court-martial. He could not remember what word he had sent in reply, but he jumped into his clothes and then into his saddle, and he came just in time to prevent a military murder. What was the effect of this call? Well, I went to the hospital for two weeks with a fever, and it was a full month before I was positively certain of my identity.

GOOD READING

FINES FOR BOBBED HAIR

In a town near San Paulo, Brazil, the Mayor decreed that any barber cutting a woman's hair without permission from the father, husband or the male member of the family having authority over her would be fined 50 milreis (about \$6).

SANCTUARIES FOR ARCTIC ANIMALS

The French Minister of Colonies has set aside, by executive decree, a number of islands owned by France in the Antarctic region as game sanctuaries for polar bears, walrus, sea lions and other animals. The protected area includes the islands of Crozet, St. Paul and Amsterdam, Adelia Land and the Antarctic Coast between Point de Sainte Anne and Port aux Lapins.

TO FOIL THE MAILBOX THIEF

A favorite trick of the letter-box thief is to fish through the slot with a piece of string, on the end of which is a weight smeared with adhesive that sticks to the letters, says Popular Science.

To foil his efforts there recently has been devised this screen of steel prongs screwed inside the box just above the slot. The prongs make it practically impossible to pull a letter through the slot, although it is easy enough for the postman to insert the letter.

NEW PORTABLE GIANT SEARCHLIGHT

According to a statement by the Sperry Gyroscope company the concern is now able to turn out a searchlight of 1,200,000,000 candle power which is able to pick out an airplane in good weather at a distance of 30,000 feet. The new searchlight weighs only 1,500 pounds, making it practically portable. It can be set in the ground and surrounded with sand bags so that it will be almost impossible for an airplane to bomb it. In addition to its portability the new light can be controlled electrically at a distance, so that its operators will not be blinded by its glare.

A WONDERFUL CURIOSITY

One of Colorado's greatest curiosities is the petrified stump of a gigantic redwood tree. This stump, which is in an almost perfect state of petrification, is located at Florissant, not far from the great gold-producing regions of Cripple Creek, Colorado. Although ever since the first exploration of Colorado numberless people have taken specimens from this stump, aggregating many tons, it is still estimated to weigh forty-four tons. To give a better idea of its size, it may be well to state that it is 20 feet in diameter and 10 feet high. There have been many attempts to dig it up and place it on exhibition, the last being a scheme to exhibit it at the great Exposition at St. Louis in 1904. Owing to its great weight, however, this had to be abandoned, and it still lies half-buried in the ground at Florissant, as there are no railway cars capable of carrying anything near its weight. What makes it more of a curiosity is the

fact that this Rocky Mountain region is a country of small trees, and that there are no giant redwoods within a thousand miles of this stump—which goes to show that nature has changed the entire vegetable growth of this section, as nothing requiring the semi-tropical heat of a redwood tree would grow at this altitude now.

THE ABNORMALITY OF CRIMINALS

Less than one-third of the prisoners in the Texas Penitentiary are mentally normal, and only 11 per cent. are free from obvious physical disease or defect. These facts are reported by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene following a survey of conditions in the penal institutions of Texas made at the request of the State.

The committee urges a medical and psychiatric clinic for study and treatment of offenders, better hospital facilities and a training school. It also urges that prisoners be given indeterminate sentences, so that they may be released when they are rehabilitated and are judged ready to become useful members of society.

"Psychiatry," says the committee, "does not subscribe to half-baked theories of pseudo-scientists like those who recently ascribed all crime to 'emotional insanity,' which has its seat in the brain, which is inherited and incurable, and can only be prevented by sterilization. Neither does it subscribe to the maudlin sentimentalism which would have no one locked up or punished. The psychiatrist does maintain that the mental and physical condition of the prisoner has a great deal to do with his conduct and that an effort must be made to understand his mind and personality before sound correctional treatment can be administered.

"Experts who have studied the penal situation believe that constructive criminology has reached such a knowledge of the criminal and his rehabilitation that we may safely and wisely make investments in buildings, apparatus and personnel. Additional expense in the interests of crime prevention is true economy in the long run."

The committee's report says that the majority of the Texas prisoners are under thirty years of age and that much can be done to remould the personalities of young offenders into socially acceptable forms.

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166 West 23d Street

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JUNE 12, 1925

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

POWER DEVELOPED BY CRYING BABIES

When a baby cries it means hard labor for himself as well as for his afflicted parents. Drs. J. R. Murlin, R. E. Conklin and M. R. March of the University of Rochester have been conducting careful measurements of the energy used up by crying babies, and they find that the metabolism, or rate of food use, by crying babies is markedly higher than that of infants contentedly cooing or sleeping in their cribs. Crying 1 per cent, of the time increases the use of energy 1 per cent.; so that if a baby cried all the time it would double its energy requirements and hence the amount of food it would need.

Assuming that a child could keep up such a distressing performance for a day and a night doctors calculated that on this basis this imagine long-time squaller could develop enough power to lift himself to the top of the Washington Monument.

SNAKE CHARMING

The secrets of snake-charming are much simpler than most people imagine. The snakes to be handled are gorged with food until they become drowsy, or else they are drugged so that their senses are dazed. Sometimes they are kept in ice boxes, and the cold puts them in a semitorpid condition. In handling the reptile, the hand must always grasp it at certain places where the head can be guided and held from the body. This is the hardest thing to learn, but, like everything else, it comes with practise. By dint of dexterity and strength, the snake is easily passed from one hand to the other, and is allowed to coil about the body. The snake charmer, however, must always be on the alert. When the snake becomes too lively, it is put back in the ice box. In handling a reptile with the fangs in one requires great strength, as the strain on the system during the performance is very considerable. The grasp and movements must be precise and accurate. There is no room for hesitancy or uncertainty. Most of the snakes handled, however, are harmless, so far as poisoning is concerned.

"MISS LIBERTY" MUSTERED OUT

The Statue of Liberty is at present undergoing the overhauling it gets once every three years, and in about ten days "Miss Liberty" will receive an honorable discharge from the army, after being classed by the government as a soldier for thirty-nine years.

She has been regarded on the government account books as part of Fort Wood, on Bedloe's Island, but by direction of President Coolidge she is to have a budget of her own from now on. Her former comrades in B company, 16th Infantry, will be classed separately as her guard and retinue.

The overhauling will cost \$6,000 and is confined to the interior of the statue, mostly to painting iron work, which is said to rust three times as fast in salt air as in fresh. Salt air, however, has given "Miss Liberty" her present seagreen complexion. It has oxidized her copper and given her a weatherproof coating which her guardians say will make her last forever, or as long as stone and metal endure.

The 252 flood lights used to illuminate the statue at night cost about \$100 a month, according to The Associated Press. The government appropriated \$5,711.46 this year for the statue and made a separate appropriation for maintaining the army post.

LAUGHS

"My face is my fortune," said the blushing maid. "And it's counterfeit at that," muttered the young man who had observed that the blush was permanent.

Mrs. Youngbride—What small eggs! Grocer—Yes-s, they are; but I'm sure I don't know the reason. Mrs. Youngbride—They took them out of the nest too soon, I suppose.

Brother—Why all this talk about divided skirts for bicycling? Can't you girls ride in ordinary dresses? Sister—The idea! Ordinary dresses wouldn't attract any attention at all.

"I'm selling a book on beauty, mum," he began, "but, really, I fear you do not need such an article." "Never mind," said the lady, with a pleased smile, "I'll take one, anyhow."

Domestic—Where shall I take this prescription, mum? Mrs. Sharpeye—Anywhere except to Pillbox & Co's. Their goods are not fresh. I bought a postage stamp of them yesterday, and it was last year's issue."

Old Lady (irritably)—Here, boy. I've been waiting some time to be waited on. Druggist Boy—Yes, ma'am. What can I do for you? Old Lady—I want a stamp. Druggist Boy—Yes, ma'am. Will you have it licked or unlicked?

"Yes, I may say I have an ideal husband." "An Apollo for looks, a Chesterfield for manners," rhapsodized the girl. "Those things don't count in husbands, my dear. Mine stays fairly sober and brings most of his salary home."

POINTS OF INTEREST

ANTS DEMOLISH HOUSES

There is a large part of Northern Australia where wooden houses never last long, for if they are built they are eaten. The whole of the woodwork is chewed to pulp by white ants, and the house becomes a mere shell, with walls no thicker than paper. When a storm comes it falls flat.

ORIGIN OF BOOTLEGGER

"Bootlegger" is an American term dating back to pioneer days when the sale of whisky, which was formerly sold without restriction in grocery and other stores, was first regulated. In order to escape the cost of licenses, men made a business of selling whisky by the drink from bottles carried on their person. High leather boots were then worn by many men and the bootleg was found to be a convenient place to hide a bottle of whisky. The so-called "top boots" were very common footgear up to 45 years ago, both for men and boys. So it was that the bootleg came into notice on the person of the illicit whisky vendor, and they were dubbed "bootleggers," and the term has come down to us and has been extended to include any person dealing in intoxicating liquor in violation of the prohibition laws.

ASCENSION ISLAND

Ascension, an island of volcanic origin, which has an area of about 34 square miles, is situated in the South Atlantic, 700 miles northwest of St. Helena, which is 1,200 miles from the West coast of Africa. Formerly it was under the control and jurisdiction of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty of Great Britain, but in 1922 it was annexed to the Colony of St. Helena and its administration was transferred to the Colonial Office. Ten acres of ground were cultivated to provide fruits and vegetables for the garrison, which has been withdrawn. There is a sanitarium on Green Mountain (a mountain 2,820 feet in height) for sailors whose health has been impaired by service on the coast. In 1918 the population was about 250. The island receives mail and is connected with other places by telegraph. The island is the resort of sea turtles, which lay their eggs in the sand between the months of January and May and it is, also, the haunt of the sooty terns, which lay their eggs about every eight months. Wild goats, rabbits and partridges are found on the island.

MAN ACCUSED OF KEEPING 21 BEARS IN TINY CAGES

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Madison Avenue and 26th Street, New York, announced service of a summons on Ellis Stanley Joseph, Australian importer of animals, charging him with keeping twenty-one Polar bears confined seven months in cages so small the bears could not turn around and in many instances were unable even to stand erect.

Officials of the society declared it was the "worst

case of dumb brute mistreatment" handled by them in fifty years; and asserted they would make every effort to get both a fine and jail sentence for Joseph. The case is set for Long Island City Court, and if the charge is upheld Joseph may be fined from \$1 to \$100 and sent to jail for from one day to one year.

According to Agent U. S. Westervelt, the bears, emaciated and crippled from the cramped position they had to hold so long, were found in Louis Ruhe's animal park in Queens Boulevard, near Calvary Cemetery, Woodside, in the same heavy wooden crates that housed them on the trip here from Germany and England last fall.

These crates ranged from 21 inches wide, 3 feet high and 4 feet long to 34 inches wide, 32 inches high and 40 inches long.

GIGANTIC WINDMILL AS POWER GENERATOR

Anton Flettner, the German inventor of the rotor ship, is planning a gigantic windmill designed on aero-dynamical principles, which will be some 300 feet in diameter, mounted on a tower 650 feet high, higher than the Washington Monument and nearly as tall as the Woolworth Building.

This immense structure for obtaining power from the wind will not make use of the Flettner rotating cylinders, such as used on the rotor ship, but will have two large wings or propeller blades so constructed that they will obtain the most out of the moving air, according to the reports that have reached New York recently.

The famous Flettner rudder which is used for steering both ships and airplanes will be used to keep the propellers at the most efficient angle for the particular wind velocity. The cross-sections of the wings will resemble those used on airplanes and they will be designed so as to decrease to a minimum the air pressure on the rear side of the driving wing.

The proposed windmill is striking in size, but it is also unique in the method of generating power. Instead of having the large wheel geared to a single electric generator, it is planned to mount a small high-speed windmill on the tip of each propeller arm. These auxiliary windmills will actually generate the power by directly driving generators. Flettner claims that the rotation of the large wheel will multiply the velocity of the small windmills to such an extent as to increase immensely the amount of the voltage of the electric current obtained.

The huge structure that would support the 300-foot propellers presents a very difficult engineering problem and it is a problem of major design to make the windmill wheel itself structurally safe and strong. The reason for such a high tower is said to be that the winds are steadier at such heights.

No estimates of cost are contained in the information published in German, nor is it indicated whether actual construction of the windmill is contemplated.

HERE AND THERE

COLORED TREES

If negotiations now pending are carried through, Machias, Me., will have the distinction of being the first place on the American continent to introduce the production of colored hard wood. This process, a German invention, has revolutionized the coloring and finishing of hard wood. It consists of feeding a color chemical to the tree in the spring of the year as soon as the sap begins to find its way up from the roots.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

The finding at Ur of the Chaldees of a great sandstone sculptured stela or monument of the King Un-Engur, who ruled Babylon in 2300 B. C., was announced.

According to a statement issued by the University of Pennsylvania Museum, Sir Frederick G. Kenyon, director of the British Museum, and Dr. Museum, who are conducting a joint expedition in the buried city of Abraham, regard the stela as one of the "greatest pieces of art known to man and the most important archaeological object ever found in Mesopotamia."

It was uncovered by workmen under C. Leonard Wooley, head of the expedition financed by the two museums, and the inscriptions were read by Dr. Leon Legrain, curator of the Babylonian section of the University museum, who is in Ur.

The stela or slab is five feet wide and fifteen feet high, carved on both sides with a series of historical and symbolic scenes arranged in horizontal bands of unequal heights. The announcement said:

"Aside from the artistic value, its historical importance is far-reaching, as it contains pictures in stone of the building of the Ziggart, the tower of Ur, similar to the tower of Babel, several likenesses of the king, Ur-Engur, founder of the third dynasty of Ur, and the only representation of Nannar, the moon god, ever found. Prior to the discovery, it was not known whether this early Babylonian god was a person, animal or a symbol of divinity.

"In addition, the earliest representation of angels is contained in the marvelous carvings made by some unknown artist who produced the monument 4,200 years ago. The stela, in all probability, was the pride of Ur when Abraham lived in the city.

"The scene represents Ur-Engur receiving the divine instructions from the moon god to erect the great Ziggart. Nannar, the god, is seated on his throne, while Nin-Gal, his consort, also is represented receiving homage of the king. Ur-Engur is depicted carrying various tools to lay the first bricks and shows that the compass, architects' lines and rods were known in these early days. Views of men at work on the tower, captives, minor gods, sacrifices and angels comprise the various registers in almost a motion picture method of presentation. The inscriptions tell of the building of the tower and of the canals dug throughout Babylon by the king."

SOME EARLY EXPERIMENTS IN AERONAUTICS

The inception of the idea of the balloon and the rigid airship has been awarded by at least one authority to Roger Bacon, English philosopher (1214-1294), who seems to have been the first to realize the principles of aerostation as apart from aviation, says the National Aeronautic Association Review.

He suggested "a large hollow globe . . . filled with 'ethereal air or liquid fire' with mechanism which may put in motion some artificial wings."

Mendoza (1503-1575) suggested that metal or other bodies filled with "ether," which "can be made lighter than an equal volume of our impure air," would float in the air.

Favorinus, who died in 1537, wrote of the alleged flight of Archytas's (282-212 B. C.) pigeon as having been "put in motion by hidden and inclosed air."

John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, in 1638, in discussing the various possibilities of flight, affirms the suggestion of Mendoza but says that Mendoza got the idea from Albertus de Saxonia of 1350.

Lauretus Laurus, in 1650, suggested that Archytas could have made his device fly had he made use of the lifting force of a gas, for he mentions that the shells of eggs, "if properly filled and secured against the penetration of air and exposed to solar rays, will ascend to the skies."

Then came Francesco Lana, Jesuit priest of Italy, dramatist and scientist, who printed in 1670 his famous treatise on the "Aerial Ship."

Lana proposed an airship sustained by four hollow copper vacuum balls, each 25 feet in diameter and 1-225 of an inch in thickness, thus affording a total ascensional force of about 2,650 pounds, of which some 1,620 pounds would be the weight of the copper shells, leaving 1,030 pounds for the weight of the car, passengers' etc. The difficulty of securing sufficient strength to withstand the pressure of the atmosphere, Lana assumed, would be met by the domed form of the surface. However, he was doomed to disappointment, and the practicability of this idea still remains to be demonstrated.

De Gusman, or Gusmoa, a Brazilian priest, was given a monopoly of air transportation by the King of Portugal in 1709 in recognition of his invention of a flying machine. History does seem to show that he covered a wicker basket with paper which "elevated itself as high as the Tower of Lisbon," and it has been presumed that hot air was the agency.

It remained, however, for Etienne and Joseph Montgolfier to demonstrate the possibilities of ballooning. These brothers were the sons of Peter Montgolfier, a paper manufacturer of Annonay, France. They started to experiment with large paper bags under which they burned chopped straw. Though success immediately resulted in these experiments, it is interesting to note that it was some time before the brothers realized that the real source of the lifting power was due to the heating of the air within the bags and not the smoke with which they sought to fill them.

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FROM ALL POINTS

CROSSING OCEAN ALONE

In a twenty-five foot dory-sloop, Half Moon, Eustace B. Maude, seventy-seven, sailed from Puget Sound bound for England. He will attempt the voyage alone.

From Cape Flattery he will tack well out to sea and not venture near land until close to Balboa, the Pacific portal of the Panama Canal. The sloop has provisions for 100 days, carries fifty gallons of gasoline and the same amount of fresh water. Commander Maude expects to reach the British Isles in sixty days. He will sleep by day and sail the craft at night.

AUTOS KILLED 22 CHILDREN
IN N. Y. STATE IN MARCH

Automobiles killed twenty-two children and injured 910 in New York State in March, according to the State Motor Vehicle Bureau. In the same period 424 persons listed as "jay-walkers" were struck down by automobiles and 625 others were hit.

"Of the twenty-two children killed," says the report, "five were hitching rides. In other cases the victims were playing outright in the streets or had run from the sidewalks on which they had been playing. It is very evident from these figures that the lives of most of the children could have been saved if they had been impressively instructed in keeping out of the roadways."

The Bureau announces it has requested the co-operation of local authorities in a drive against the reckless walker as well as reckless driver.

DO YOU KNOW?

THAT 21,000,000 letters went to the Dead Letter Office last year?

THAT 803,000 parcels did likewise?

THAT 100,000 letters go into the mail yearly in perfectly blank envelopes?

THAT \$55,000.00 in cash is removed annually from misdirected envelopes?

THAT \$12,000.00 in postage stamps is found in similar fashion?

THAT \$3,000,000.00 in checks, drafts and money orders never reach intended owners?

THAT Uncle Sam collects \$92,000.00 a year in postage for the return of mail sent to the Dead Letter Office?

THAT it costs Uncle Sam \$1,740,000 yearly to look up addresses on misdirected mail?

THAT 200,000,000 letters are given this service, and—

THAT it costs in one city alone \$500.00 daily?

AND DO YOU KNOW?

THAT this vast sum could be saved and the Dead Letter Office abolished if each piece of mail carried a return address, and if each parcel were wrapped in stout paper and tied with strong cord?

MORAL: Every man knows his own address if not that of his correspondent.

PUT IT IN THE UPPER LEFT HAND CORNER!

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 530 Broadway, New York City, or 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES.

Sell Madison "Better-Made" shirts for large Manufacturer, direct to wearer. No capital, or experience required. Many earn \$100 weekly and bonus. Madison Mfrs., 503 Broadway, New York.

\$36 TO \$56 WEEKLY in your spare time doing special advertising work among the families of your city. No experience necessary. Write today for full particulars. American Products Co., 2470 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BIG MONEY and fast sales every owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge \$1.50, make \$1.44 profit. 10 orders daily, easy. Samples and information free. World Monogram Co., Dept. 70, Newark, N. J.

NEW CAMERA takes and finishes photos in one minute. Make money selling cameras, or taking photos. Exclusive territory. Crown Co., Dept. 967, Norwalk, Conn.

HELP WANTED

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE.

Work home or travel, experience unnecessary. Write George R. Wagner, former Govt. Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

SILVERING Mirrors. French plate. Easily learned; immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

PERSONAL

ARE YOU LONESOME? Write Betty Lee, Inc., Box 820 City Hall Station, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

HUNDREDS seeking marriage. If sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

LONELY HEARTS—I have a sweetheart for you. Exchange letters; make new friends. Efficient, confidential and dignified service. Members everywhere. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida.

MARRY IF LONELY "Home Maker": hundreds rich; reliable, years experience; descriptions free. The Successful Club, Box 556, Oakland, California.

MARRIAGE PAPER—20th year. Big issue with descriptions, photos, names and addresses. 25 cents. No other fee. Sent sealed. Box 2265, R, Boston, Mass.

MARRY—Free photographs, directory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 36, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 545, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Write for big new directory with photos and descriptions. Free. National Agency, Dept. A, 4606, Sta. E., Kansas City, Mo.

GET A SWEETHEART. Exchange letters. Write me enclosing stamp. Violet Ray, Dennison, Ohio.

MARRY—Lonely Hearts. Join our club, we have a companion for you, many worth from \$5,000 to \$50,000. Descriptions, photos, introductions free. Send no money. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

SWEETHEARTS for everybody. Stamped envelopes for proposal. The Lily Club, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO or Snuff Habit cured or no pay. \$1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., PC, Baltimore, Md.

SONGWRITERS

SEND TODAY for free copy Writer's Digest; tells how to write and sell short stories, photoplays, poems, songs. Writer's Digest, G-22, E. 12th St., Cincinnati.

Old Money Wanted

We paid \$2,500.00 for one silver dollar to Mr. Manning of Albany, N. Y. We buy all rare coins and pay highest cash premiums. Send 4c for large Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you.

NUMISMATIC BANK.

Dept. 436.

Ft. Worth, Tex.

ASTHMA

or HAY FEVER Treatment mailed on trial. State which you want. If it cures send \$1; if not, don't. Write today.

Address W. K. SYERLINE, 844 Ohio Ave., SIDNEY, O.

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Send 25c for new De Luxe Catalog of Novelties, Tricks, Puzzles, Sporting Goods, etc. 420 pages. Handsome binding.

Well made and effective; modelled on latest type of Revolver; appearance alone is enough to scare a burglar. When loaded it may be as effective as a real revolver—without danger to life. It takes standard .22 Calibre Blank Cartridges obtainable everywhere. Price \$1.00 post-paid. Blank Cartridges, by express, 50c per 100. Holster (Cowboy type) for Blank Cartridge Pistol, 50c. JOHNSON, SMITH & CO., Dept. 386, RACINE, WIS.



EXPLORING THE SARGASSO

The latest expedition to the Sargasso sailed Feb. 10 from New York, in the ship Arcturus, belonging to Henry W. Whiton, President of the Union Sulphur Company, under the direction of William Beebe, explorer and scientist, and under the auspices of the New York Zoological Society. Accompanying the expedition are scientists from several institutions, artists and a motion picture photographer.

The Arcturus, which is a wooden ship 280 feet long with a beam of 46 feet, is said to be the largest vessel ever used for scientific work of the kind contemplated.

The propeller is inclosed in a weed-proof wire cage. From a plank amid-ships, supported by a boom, depends a platform which can be lowered twenty or thirty feet below the surface and from which a scientist in diving dress and helmet can observe what is going on in the depths.

There are glass windows in the bottom of the ship, and she is provided with a fleet of small glass-bottomed boats for further observations. She carries laboratories, tanks, cages and a scientific library.



What Shall I Be?

Can You Answer This Question and be Fair to Yourself?

ARE you as successful as you could be—if you had some other occupation?

Many a man fights gamely all his life for success—and fails because he has the wrong row to hoe.

Don't make this mistake! If you have been making it—quit! Find out NOW what you can do best and tackle that—before it is too late.

Our expert vocational counselors, employing latest scientific method which eliminates all guess work, will show you what occupation you are best fitted for, and guide you step by step until you succeed.

Write for free information Today

BUREAU OF VOCATIONAL RESEARCH
Dept. 10 330 Broadway New York City



“What would I do if I lost my job?”

WHAT *would* you do? What would your wife and children do?

Suppose your employer notified you tomorrow that he didn't need you any longer? Have you any idea where you could get another position?

You wouldn't have to worry if you were a trained man. You wouldn't have to spend your mornings reading the “Want Ads” and then trudging from place to place, meeting rebuffs and discouragements, piling up bills, finally willing “to do anything” if only you could get on somebody's payroll.

Don't have this spectre of unemployment hanging over your head forever. Train yourself to do some one thing so well that your services will be in demand. Employers don't discharge such men. They *promote* them!

Decide to-day that you are going to get the specialized training you must have if you are ever going to get a real job and a real salary. It is easy if you really try.

Right at home, in the odds and ends of spare time that now go to waste, you can prepare for the position you want in the work you like best. For the International Correspondence Schools will train

you just as they are training thousands of other men—no matter where you live—no matter what your circumstances.

At least find out how, by marking and mailing the coupon printed below. There's no cost or obligation, and it takes only a moment of your time, but it may be the means of changing your whole life.

Mail the Coupon To-day!

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Box 4489-D, Scranton, Penna.

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